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PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE retirement of Prince BISMARCK from the supreme direction of public affairs in Prussia and Germany has taken by surprise his countrymen and Europe. In the plenitude of his power, the first statesman in Europe, the creator of the Empire, the seeming arbiter of the fates of many nations, has suddenly struck work. He announces that he prefers and needs the quiet of private life, and leaves the world to go on as it can without him. He says he is ill, and an inquisitive and sceptical public asks why he should be ill? The answer probably is the very simple one that he really is ill. The prolonged strain to which he has been subjected has at last proved too much for him. He has long been suffering, and he has chosen the date of his sixty-third birthday to confess that he is not so young as he was. Too much excitement, anxiety, and responsibility, daily conflicts and daily perils, have worn him out, although his natural strength is far beyond that of the average of mankind. It has for some time been no secret that he would have before long to choose between death and retirement, and he has chosen to retire, to the disappointment of many alike of his friends and enemies, who held, for different reasons, that he was bound to die at his post. But it is not unnatural that he should have thought that he could do his country better service if he lived on to be ready if any great emergency should require his reappearance. He will be sure to be found willing to help if he is really wanted; and the mere fact that he may at any day resume his high position, and that he is watching what Germany is doing at home and abroad, will exercise a constant influence on the policy which his countrymen adopt. No tribute to his eminence could be more striking than that implied in the profound indifference with which the names of those appointed to succeed him in his different offices have been received. If WELLINGTON had been killed at Waterloo, it would not have seemed a matter of much moment which of his generals had taken over his command. Fortunately the great captain of German statesmanship has not been killed but only wounded, and his successors will know that they are conducting their operations under the superintendence of his vigilant criticism. Even while he seems to be doing nothing, saying nothing, and inspiring no one, his influence will remain as long as he lives, and it would have been a great loss to his country if he had shortened his life merely that for a little while longer his influence might be direct instead of indirect. Germany with Prince BISMARCK in retirement is a much greater Power in every way than it would be with Prince BISMARCK dead. Possibly a temporary rest may recruit his health, and he may in the course of time be willing to resume his ordinary work. But this cannot be confidently expected. His need of rest is so imperative, and his nerves and general health have been so much shattered, that it is not likely that he will readily seek again the burden of office in quiet times; and it may be presumed that it will be only when storms are threatening or raging that he will henceforth consent to pilot the labouring State.

The domestic affairs of Germany are passing through a stage which at once accounts for Prince BISMARCK's wish to retire and justifies the step he has taken. The great lines of the Empire have been laid. The indispensable conditions of coherence have been accepted by or forced on the minor States. Prince BISMARCK has had his way in regulating the relations of Church and State.

The military organization, the coinage, the criminal code of united Germany have been fashioned to his satisfaction. But after the day of great things the day of small things inevitably comes. Although the larger elements of a settlement are accepted, conflicts over details arise. The real union of Germany into a whole, the existence of which is recognized in all the trifles of ordinary life, must be the work, not of one man or of a few years, but of at least a generation. The Germans who are now called on to work the Imperial system have grown up with all the traditions, feelings, and prejudices of members of particular States, and they incline to walk in their old grooves so far as they think they can do so without bringing the Empire to destruction. They find a pleasure in thwarting Prince BISMARCK in little things. Prussian officials trained in the belief that each department is solely responsible to the Sovereign do not bend easily to the theories of Parliamentary government. Those who have been accustomed to work the railways in the minor States are pleased when they can put obstacles in the way of a man who desires that all railways should be worked so as to serve the purposes of the Empire. Germans, too, are necessarily deficient in political education, and many of them are easily induced to shut their eyes to the dangers of Socialism or the fallacies of Protection. To keep his countrymen straight, Prince BISMARCK has to be always at them, hammering, fighting, arguing, and not unfrequently bullying, so that he may guide them right in matters each of which seems separately of no great importance. He is like a man who has fashioned for himself a fine park, and then finds he has to pass his life in spudding thistles. This is wearisome work, and the weariness is of a kind peculiarly trying to a man whom over-exertion has made nervous and excitable. However hard he worked, he could not in this direction bring his work to an end. In the details of domestic politics the Germans must some day be left to take their own course, and blunder on as well as they are able. Prince BISMARCK may fairly say that the time is now come when he may leave them to themselves; and if the mistakes they make are very serious, they will be sure, he may think, to come to him to help them out of their difficulties.

It certainly, however, might have seemed that the present was scarcely a moment when the general situation of Europe would have permitted him to think that he could be well spared. There are so many threatening symptoms, and a war to which Germany could not be indifferent appears sometimes so near, that it seems wonderful that Prince BISMARCK should think this a fit opportunity for enjoying a year of leisure and travel. Any explanation of his motives must be mere guesswork. No one outside a very small circle of intimate confidants, and very possibly no one at all, knows what is the real view of Prince BISMARCK as to the present situation of Europe. We can only discuss probabilities; and of all solutions of his retirement the most improbable seems to be that he has long been trying to decoy Russia into a war which he knows must ruin her, and that he now finds he must give way, and leave his wise and honest old master to explain to the Czar, and to ignorant persons like Prince GOETCHAKOFF, the real truth as to the prospects and position of Russia. If anything can be considered certain in current history, it is that the Czar finds himself on the verge of war, not because he listened to the wily counsels of Prince BISMARCK, but because he shared the enthusiasm of his people, and wished to pursue the traditional policy of his country. Far from urging Russia to its ruin, Prince

BISMARCK, on the single occasion on which he has spoken publicly of the Eastern question, uttered a solemn warning to Russia that she would have to reckon with Germany if she pushed too far on the dangerous path of conquest. It is equally difficult to believe that Prince BISMARCK now retires because he sees no chance of finding a pretext for a wicked and indefensible attack on France. Prince BISMARCK exacted very hard terms from France, and has perpetually reminded his countrymen that they must be always armed and always on the alert if they wish to retain what they won. But he has steadily maintained that the true policy of Germany must be a defensive one, and his influence has always been used in the direction of moderating the impatience of the military caste in Germany. Some French critics have expressed a satisfaction at the thought that Prince BISMARCK will no longer inspire the foreign policy of Germany, as they think that his retirement is a guarantee of continued peace between Germany and France. They may be thankful if they do not come to see how much they are mistaken, and do not experience how much more unpleasant it will be for France to have to deal with the military caste in Germany, when Prince BISMARCK is no longer at hand to repress its arrogance and allay its irritation. Perhaps the simplest and most probable explanation of his retirement is that he does not see anything touching very closely the interests of Germany in the present state of European affairs. He leaves Germany on excellent terms with England, Austria, and Italy; he leaves it with no overt or immediate signs of hostility to France; and he has kept his countrymen quite clear of any direct connexion with the settlement of Turkey. If Russia does not go to war, the crisis is over for the present; and if Russia does go to war, he has secured, so far as such a point can be secured, that Russia will not do anything to wound the susceptibilities or imperil the interests of Germany. It may therefore seem to him that there is nothing very particular for him to say or do just now, and that, if rest is necessary for his health, he is as free to take it as he could ever hope to be.

THE PROTOCOL.

THE publication of the Protocol and the official correspondence relating to it will sufficiently explain the difficulties which for a time delayed an agreement on the subject. They were at last overcome by an understanding that England should not be bound by any agreement if Russia eventually failed to disarm. The Protocol sets forth in substance that the Powers who have signed it take cognizance of the conclusion of peace with Servia; that, as to Montenegro, they consider the rectification of the frontier and the free navigation of the Bojana desirable; that they regard the arrangements between the Porte and the two Principalities as a step towards pacification; and that, recognizing the good intentions of the Porte with regard to the Christian populations and its evident interest to carry them into effect, they invite that Government to place its armies on a peace footing. It is intimated also that the Powers propose to watch carefully, by means of their representatives at Constantinople and their local agents, the manner in which the promised reforms of the Ottoman Government are carried into effect, and that, if their hopes should once more be disappointed, they reserve to themselves to consider in common the best means of securing the well-being of the Christian populations and the interests of the general peace. A Russian declaration is appended, to the effect that, if peace is concluded with Montenegro, and the reforms promised by Turkey are seriously undertaken, the EMPEROR will consent to treat as to disarmament; and there is also a declaration by Lord DERBY that, in default of reciprocal disarmament, the Protocol will be deemed null and void. It is not surprising that political critics in England and in Russia are inclined to disparage a compact by which neither party is absolutely bound. The Russian AMBASSADOR, indeed, declared before the signature of the Protocol that his Government wished to demobilize the army; but he added the limitation that Turkey must not only agree to disarm simultaneously, but must make peace with Montenegro and prevent the occurrence of fresh outrages. The AMBASSADOR's words have been recorded in the official account of the proceedings; but they were not in the first instance reduced to writing. The negotiators may not have intended to express mutual suspicion; but they were anxious to guard themselves

by every imaginable reservation. The general object was to establish some ostensible concert, and at the same time to concede none of the conflicting principles which it had previously been found difficult to reconcile. Four of the Great Powers have throughout the discussion kept themselves in the background, either through deference to Russia, or because they placed confidence in the firmness and perspicacity of the English Government. It is not the first time that the same onerous compliment has been paid to a Government which is supposed not to shrink from the duty of plain speaking. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when NAPOLEON III. proposed a Congress on the general affairs of Europe, the Continental Powers, although none of them approved of the proposal, returned a guarded assent, leaving Lord JOHN RUSSELL to incur the anger of the French EMPEROR by demonstrating in a vigorous despatch the absurdity of the entire project. At the present time no Government is disposed either to aid Russia in the coercion of Turkey, or unnecessarily to recognize the right of Russia to interfere; but England alone has openly maintained the validity of the Treaty of Paris, and has steadily resisted the Russian pretensions. The Protocol appears to include an engagement on the part of the signatory Powers to adopt such means as may be deemed expedient for inducing the Porte to perform the promises of improved administration which have been repeatedly made. If Russia fails to disarm within a reasonable time, England will not even be bound to adopt any means for the accomplishment of the common object. It seems impossible to promise less, if the document is to include any kind of undertaking.

Notwithstanding the vagueness of the Protocol, there is some reason to hope that it may serve its purpose. The signatures affixed to the diplomatic agreement are its most important part. A rupture of the negotiations would almost certainly have been followed by an advance of the Russian army, and it may be supposed that an amicable arrangement ought to produce the opposite result. The Russian journals were at first allowed or instructed to announce that their Government had obtained a great diplomatic victory; nor would it have been desirable to disturb an illusion which was apparently designed to reconcile public opinion to the abandonment of armed intervention. Within a few days the journals once more assumed a warlike tone, the Ministers having perhaps discovered that their original statements were not implicitly believed. If the Turkish Government prudently makes concessions to Montenegro, and gives assurances of its intention to disarm, the Russian Government may perhaps persuade its subjects that the object of the threatened war has been obtained without actual collision. The most disquieting symptoms consist in the alleged continuance of military preparations; but it is satisfactory to know that there are no independent newspaper Correspondents at the headquarters of the army, and that all reports and rumours are exclusively official. It is at least possible that reinforcements, railway arrangements, and plans of campaign may have been announced for political reasons with little reference to actual occurrences. When the numbers of an army expand suddenly from 250,000 to 400,000, it may be allowable to receive with a sceptical reserve information directly or indirectly furnished by the Government. It is much more certain that General IGNATIEFF was sent to the European capitals on a diplomatic mission than that the Archduke NICHOLAS has received orders to cross the Pruth at the beginning of May. If it is true that the Emperor ALEXANDER intends to reward his confidential Envoy by a high titular distinction, there will be additional reason for supposing that the Russian Government intends to maintain peace. Now, as at all former times, the decision rests with the EMPEROR alone, although he may think it desirable to satisfy the judgment of his subjects, who will in any case accept his policy.

If the odd arrangement with which the negotiations ended had not been patched up, the IGNATIEFF mission might have been explained by a desire on the part of Russia to place the EMPEROR's pacific wishes on record at the beginning of the war. The Russian Government might have plausibly objected to the ingenious device by which Lord DERBY evaded the apparent necessity of insisting on disarmament. As the compromise was finally adopted, some contingency to which it was applicable must have been contemplated by Russia. Disarmament, which will not be of right demanded by the other parties to the Protocol, will subject them to the obligations, if any,

which have been hypothetically incurred. War, on the other hand, would invalidate the result of so many negotiations. It is perfectly true that Russia has given no formal undertaking to abandon, or even to postpone, her invasion of Turkey; but a warlike policy would be more offensive to Europe since the signature of an agreement which was evidently designed as an instrument for maintaining peace. Those who have taken the trouble to construct a bridge for the Russian retreat would be entitled to complain of the waste of their labour if the bridge were not used for its destined purpose. If the army in Bessarabia is dispersed, it will not be expedient to dilate on the vacillations of Russian policy. The reasons for peace are obvious and cogent; but it is plain that some time since they were not thought conclusive. A year ago Lord DERBY incautiously asserted that the financial condition of Russia was a security for peace. It is possible that economical considerations may have contributed to the ultimate decision of the Russian Government; but experience shows that great Powers are seldom deterred from war by pecuniary difficulties. A stronger reason for moderation has probably been furnished by the impossibility of obtaining from the Great Powers an assurance of eventual neutrality. Austria especially has throughout reserved freedom of action; and at the beginning of the session of the German Parliament Prince BISMARCK significantly intimated that in certain contingencies Germany would come to the assistance of Austria. It is not to be supposed that the Turkish armaments influenced in any considerable degree the policy of Russia. The only consequence of a declaration of war which could be regarded as certain was the success of the Russian army against the Turks.

Those who have taken an active part in advocating the claims of the Christian subjects of the SULTAN have some reason for the dissatisfaction which they express at the result of the negotiation with Russia. The English Government has perhaps accomplished the object which it proposed to itself of preventing or adjourning a rupture between Russia and Turkey; but it has not obtained, nor since the failure of the Conference demanded, any concession from the Porte. In the course of the late discussion the Government constantly repudiated any purpose of coercion; and consequently it can only rely on friendly influence for the adoption of any advice which it may offer to the SULTAN and his Ministers. It is fully ascertained that the neutrality of the English Government is approved by Parliament; but the minority has a plausible case for complaining that there is no security against the continuance of chronic misgovernment, or even against the possible recurrence of such atrocities as those which were perpetrated last year in Bulgaria. Many expressions of Lord DERBY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and other Ministers may be quoted as admissions that the oppressed Christians are entitled not only to compassion, but to some kind of protection; and it is perfectly true that any express or implied promise of aid which may have been given has not been fulfilled. It may not be possible to vindicate the absolute consistency of the Government; and perhaps it would have been prudent to withhold vague pledges which could only be redeemed by a policy of coercion. There can be little doubt that Lord DERBY will apply to the Porte all the moral pressure which he may have the means of exercising; and the influence of England, which had been previously impaired, ought to be revived by the great service which will have been rendered to Turkey if diplomacy has succeeded in averting a Russian invasion. It is possible that the Turks themselves may at last have become convinced that their only chance of preserving their national existence is to abate some of the grosser evils of their system of government. Even the anomalous and paradoxical Parliament may possibly be turned to some practical use, as some of the members appear to construe liberally the powers and immunities which are secured to the Assembly on paper. It will be strange if an institution plagiarized from countries in a different stage of civilization should find a congenial soil in Turkey. A well-paid and impartial police force would offer a better chance of improvement.

THE COMING BUDGET.

IT is now known that the anticipations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will be almost exactly confirmed by the result. The equilibrium between last year's estimates

and the actual receipts and expenditure is due to a casual increase of miscellaneous revenue; but the deficiency would in any case have been fractional. It was undoubtedly prudent to assume that the ordinary income of the last year would be the same with that of the year before. As trade has not yet emerged from its long stagnation, the revenue derived from consumption might have been expected to decline; but the increase of population, and the maintenance in almost all branches of industry of the high rate of wages which had been established in more prosperous times, has prevented any considerable diminution of receipts from the Customs and the Excise. The actual proceeds of the additional penny of Income-tax must depend in some degree on the completeness of collection. The increase in the produce of the tax during the year is less than 1,200,000*l.*, while, at the former rate, each penny produced a million and a half. The large reductions and exemptions by which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE guarded against popular agitation account for a part, but probably not for the whole, of the diminished return. Arrears now outstanding will be credited to next year's estimates, with the result of producing a slight increase as compared with the corresponding item in the last Budget. The estimates of expenditure will be nearly the same with those of last year; but Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Sinking Fund will now be brought for the first time into full operation, involving an additional charge for the present and future years of 300,000*l.* It is not to be supposed that either the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER or the House of Commons will divert the fund from its destined application within two years from the first adoption of the plan, and in a season of no extraordinary financial pressure. All parties are verbally pledged to a partial reduction of the debt; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's scheme is cheaper and simpler than the practice of creating terminable annuities. Altogether, it will be necessary to provide nearly 80,000,000*l.* for the public service; nor is the expenditure unreasonable as compared with the outlay of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. Warlike stores, the cost of naval construction, and the wages of soldiers and sailors have largely risen; and a large addition to the civil functions of Government has necessarily produced increased expense. A part of the addition to the expenditure of a former generation is merely a matter of account. About five-and-twenty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE introduced the rule of including in the annual outlay the cost of collecting the revenue.

It may be hoped that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will adopt the simple course of making no financial change during the present year. He will be justified, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory results of the autumn and winter quarters, in calculating on the same revenue which he last year expected and received. Although industry is still stagnant, there are some symptoms of an approaching revival of commercial activity; for the first time in many months the rate of interest in the open market is the same with that of the Bank of England, and the increased demand is apparently due to legitimate causes. The returns of railway traffic during the early spring show a slight advance as compared with the corresponding season of last year, and some trades are in a tolerably flourishing condition. Two years have elapsed since the events which were followed by the exposures of the Foreign Loans Committee, and more than a year since the ruinous losses incurred by Turkish bondholders. No similar cause of distress has arisen during 1876; and there has never been a time in which the more hazardous kinds of speculation have been more generally suspended. There are objections to financial schemes which leave even a remote chance of deficiency; but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have to balance the disadvantages of a narrow or vanishing margin of revenue over expenditure against the great and immediate mischief of increased taxation. The suggestion of an addition to the spirit duties is not likely to be adopted. A change in the rate of duties on articles of consumption which is intended to be only temporary involves great inconvenience to manufacturers and traders. It is difficult to estimate the effect of an increased tax on consumption; and the negotiations relating to the French Commercial Treaty might perhaps be embarrassed by an increased Customs duty on spirits, although a corresponding addition would be necessarily made to the Excise. There seems to be no other indirect tax which could be increased without great inconvenience.

There remains the almost defenceless victim of modern

financiers, the unfortunate payer of Income-tax. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was perhaps unduly blamed for the inequalities which he introduced into the assessment of the tax when he last year increased the amount. There was no doubt that the poorer contributors, while they bore but an equal share of the direct impost, paid more than their proportional share of Excise and Customs duties. It was also just to extend to the lower section of the middle class an exemption which had, in spite of the law, been practically asserted by artisans. The principle of partial relief had been recognized from the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL to the present day; and it was justly remarked that a moderate extension of apparent anomalies could scarcely amount to revolutionary confiscation. There is no doubt that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has in his official capacity profited largely by his conciliation of a class which included the most troublesome section of taxpayers. The small tradesmen who responded to the appeals of agitators have been silenced; and the great majority of borough voters have no interest in the percentage which may be levied on income. The surviving contributors to the Income-tax have a strong moral claim on the forbearance of the Minister who has relieved himself from the clamorous remonstrances of their neighbours. They had simultaneously to bear an addition of fifty per cent. to their own burdens; and they are now waiting with anxiety to learn whether the increase may not be doubled. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is unavoidably compelled to disregard exact symmetry of taxation; but he is at the same time bound to remember that the Income-tax becomes more unequal as often as it varies in amount. If the charge could have been permanently maintained at the moderate rate to which it had been judiciously reduced by Mr. LOWE, the recipient of an income worth a year's purchase would in course of time have paid precisely the same relative amount with the landowner or the freeholder. An addition which is imposed for a short time weighs unjustly on the trader or professional man whose income may perhaps only coincide in duration with the tax. Another reason against an increase is that the proportionate productiveness of the tax varies inversely with the rate.

There is no reason to regret the practical concentration of responsibility on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. When the Prime Minister happens, like Sir R. PEEL or Mr. GLADSTONE, to possess great financial authority, he may, if he thinks fit, take part in the arrangement of a Budget; but Mr. GLADSTONE himself seemed not to interfere habitually with the projects of Mr. LOWE, and Lord BEACONSFIELD would certainly not think of overruling the plans of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may count as confidently on the support of the House of Commons as on the assent of his colleagues; but his friends are more directly interested than his opponents in his avoidance of an unpalatable increase of taxation. If, indeed, an addition to the Income-tax were indispensable to the national credit or the public service, the Government which proposed the measure would incur no risk of defeat; but the popularity of the Ministers out of doors has lately been compromised, and it will be desirable to avoid causes of irritation. The conclusion of the late tedious negotiation may perhaps justify a more cheerful view of commercial and financial prospects. Although the connexion between cause and effect may be open to question, the depression of trade has been often attributed to the prospect of political complications. It is true that the stagnation prevails in the United States, which are exempt from the risks of European diplomacy and ambition, as well as in Germany, which has ostentatiously professed indifference to the Eastern question. The influence of menaces or probabilities of war has perhaps been exaggerated; but it may not have been wholly imaginary. Not long since the Russian Government formally assigned as one of its possible reasons for invading Turkey the uncertainty which had, as it was said, for some time paralysed industry. On the whole, it may be expected that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will make a short speech, and introduce an unambitious Budget. It will not be difficult to explain to the satisfaction of the House of Commons that there is no surplus, no deficiency, no opportunity of affording relief, and no necessity of imposing new burdens on the community.

INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY.

IN his recent speech in the Legislative Council Lord LYTTON takes credit to himself for telling the public the truth about important questions in which they are legitimately interested. If this is to be the uniform note of the VICEROY's Parliamentary efforts, it is difficult not to feel some alarm at the possible consequences of such unwonted frankness. There are two considerations which suggest a doubt as to the prudence of taking the public into his confidence. One relates to the character of the public which is thus favoured; the other to the position of the personage who thus favours it. Lord LYTTON does not exaggerate the ignorance and liability to error of the Indian press; but, as regards the native portion of it at all events, he attributes to it a capacity of being influenced by the truth when it is known which is altogether imaginary. The wisdom of taking every opportunity of winning confidence by showing confidence greatly depends on the probability that there is any confidence to be won. A well-disposed press which is expected daily to criticize a policy and action which are unknown to it will doubtless benefit by the removal of its ignorance. But an ill-disposed press will merely have the nature of its work a little changed. Hitherto it has invented a policy in order to condemn it. Under Lord LYTTON it will distort a policy in order to condemn it, and the latter process is on the whole the more mischievous of the two. Nor is the Viceroy of India in the position of a Parliamentary Minister. He is the chief of a powerful Executive, and of an Executive whose usefulness depends in a great measure upon its ability to impress its subjects with an adequate idea of its strength. The spectacle of the VICEROY appealing for the support, first of the Legislative Council, and next of the Indian press, is not calculated to further this end. To invite criticism which you do not mean to regard unless it squares with your own opinion is more likely to irritate the critics than to conciliate them.

For once, however, Lord LYTTON's plain speaking promises to be of some use. As regards the Indian public the best thing that can be hoped for is that it should be forgotten. But as regards the English public the case is different. A great part of Lord LYTTON's speech is devoted to an exposition of Indian frontier policy, and this is very much too important a matter to be usefully decided without reference to Parliament. As a rule, the practice of constituting the House of Commons a court of appeal from the decrees of the Indian Government is not one to be commended. It is seldom that the House takes any interest in the controversy, and on the rare occasions when it can be made to do so it by no means follows that its knowledge is commensurate with its interest. But the frontier policy of the Government of India is not purely, nor even mainly, an Indian question. It concerns England as much as or more than it concerns India. If the attitude of reserve which has been maintained by Lord LYTTON's predecessors should be departed from, and the change should entail a heavy military expenditure, it is England, not India, that would in the end have to bear the burden. A military disaster is not like a famine—a mere matter of raising so many millions by loan. The whole strength of the Empire might have to be employed in order to retrieve it, and, if nothing less would answer the purpose, it must certainly would have to be employed. A change in Indian frontier policy which may possibly lead to results of this magnitude ought not to be left to the decision of any Viceroy, however versatile or however ingenious. We know what Lord LYTTON's predecessors have been about. Their policy may have been timid, or selfish, or short-sighted, or anything else that their censors are pleased to call it. Lord LYTTON may have a very much better policy in his pocket; that is a point which will be better decided when his efforts at winning confidence by showing confidence have passed beyond the stage of imposing generalities. But a Viceroy would hardly drag foreign policy into a Budget debate if he did not desire to do something different from what has been done for the last twenty years. If he does desire this, the less reticence he shows about his policy the better. The revolution may be a beneficial one, but it will be a revolution all the same. We took occasion a month ago (*Saturday Review*, March 3) to set out in some detail the reasons which have so long availed to prevent any change in the strictly passive attitude maintained by a succession of Viceroys as

regards the powers that are interposed between India and Central Asia. Those reasons involve political, strategical, and financial considerations of the highest moment. To appoint a Resident at Kabul, much more to occupy Herat, Kandahar, or Quetta may conceivably be sound policy, but its adoption would commit us to much that cannot now be foreseen; and, when a policy is full of danger in the future, it cannot be too carefully examined in the present. The Government of India can do nothing without the consent of the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State can be challenged to say plainly what it is that the Government of India wish to do. If Parliament, having been put in full possession of all the facts and all the possibilities of the case, is willing to take a new departure, and to enter into fresh relations with Afghanistan, there will be nothing for it but to acquiesce. But acquiescence in the results of an inquiry is a different matter from acquiescence in the absence of inquiry. It is the latter frame of mind that is especially to be deprecated; and, on this ground at all events, we rejoice that the VICEROY has himself called attention to the question.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning that is to be put upon Lord LYTON's speech in the Legislative Council. On the one hand, it is full of assurances that no good end will be attained by military expeditions, by spasmodic gifts, or by aimless expenditure of money. On the other hand, it seems to point to measures which, however pacific they may be in outward seeming, are yet exceedingly likely to lead at any rate to the first and last of these evils. Lord LYTON's dream of a belt of independent frontier States throughout which the British name is to be honoured and trusted and British subjects liked and respected, is to be realized, it seems, by "constant friendly contact with our less civilized neighbours and the presence in their midst of earnest upright English gentlemen." Negotiations and friendly intercourse are to extricate these States from the "anarchy and bloodshed in which they are now floundering"—in plain words, we suppose, the Government of India intend to place a Resident at Cabul. This step will no doubt be represented as designed to prevent the need either of military operations or a large expenditure of money. We are rather afraid that the effect of its adoption would be the very opposite of this. As we said the other day, if the first act of the drama is the Resident, the second is very likely to be "the escort, the third and fourth the cantonments and the brigade, and the fifth, in all probability, some precipitation of the very consequences we are by these means seeking to avert." The presence of an English gentleman, however earnest and upright, in the midst of less civilized neighbours, who do not want him, may be a political necessity. But it is mere self-deception to talk of it as a substitute for military occupation. If it is a political necessity, it is one which will probably bring a military necessity in its train. Lord LYTON declares that the object he has in view is so supremely important, and so greatly beneficial, as to justify a more systematic prosecution of it than has been yet attempted. He does not exactly say what this object is; but if, as seems probable, negotiation and friendly intercourse are to be the permanent instruments through which it is to be attained, the natural inference is that a radical change of policy is in contemplation. It is only doing the Government of India bare justice to admit that it rarely takes a step of this importance without having counted the cost and calculated the consequences. But when the cost and the consequences may easily be so serious, it is desirable that this provision should not be confined to the Government of India. It is the people of England that would ultimately have to find the money for an Afghan war, or to bear the disgrace of an Afghan defeat; and with this contingency before them, it is the business of Parliament to insist on a plain statement of Lord LYTON's policy being submitted to it, before it is too late to inquire whether there are any good grounds for its adoption.

POLITICS IN THE PROVINCES.

TWO Cabinet Ministers have been starring in their counties, and a little Liberal gathering has been held at Carlisle. The East Cumberland Liberal Association secured the attendance of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and caught on a flying visit Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who explained

that he was having an outing before the meeting of Parliament. The local Associations formed for political purposes are fortunately almost entirely independent of what is said and done at their gatherings, and it probably makes no material difference to the prospects of the Liberal party in East Cumberland whether, when its Association eats a public dinner, those who address it have anything to say or not. Otherwise those who assembled at Carlisle might have thought their time was being in some measure wasted. If the Association is to be successful, its success must consist in sending a member to Parliament who will enforce and possibly advocate the policy of the Liberal party. Sir WILFRID LAWSON must therefore have somewhat damped the spirits of his hearers when he occupied the time allotted to him in explaining what a dreadful nuisance it is for any one to be in Parliament. His account of what he himself has to endure at Westminster was graphic and probably correct. He has to sit up half the night listening to interminable bores talking unceasing twaddle. Nor is this all. He has to leave the country and live in London, where his ears cannot be gratified by the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, or the singing of birds. Even when he gets back to his home he is not much better off, as he has to make speeches without having ideas, and to pay subscriptions without having the money. Such is the miserable position to which the Cumberland Liberals are invited to condemn a new victim. As to the policy of the Liberal party, he confessed that, so far as he went, he was not aware that the party had any policy, and he therefore invited Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be good enough to explain to an inquiring provincial audience what the policy of the Liberal party really is. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT naturally declined, on the general ground that it was not his business to lay down the policy of his party, and on the special ground that he was taking a holiday, and ought not to be asked to spoil his holiday by having to think. This was an unanswerable plea, as it is obvious that a Liberal leader would never get a holiday at all if, while nominally taking recreation, he had to subject his mind to the severe strain of imagining what it really is that his party means and wishes. The simple fact is that the Liberal party has no policy in the sense of definite measures which it wishes to carry, or definite proposals as to foreign or domestic affairs which it wishes to see adopted. So far as there is at this moment any observable difference between the two great political parties, this difference consists in an undefinable divergence of political tastes and feelings. Liberals and Conservatives would probably act just now very much in the same way whichever party was in office; but, while doing the same things, they would lean in different directions; and if the East Cumberland electors, on the whole, like that direction best in which their new member would lean if they could secure his election, they may reasonably be anxious to find some one who will be willing at their request to exchange the delight of listening to the pleasant sounds made by sheep and cows for the painful pursuit of listening to Mr. BIGGAR.

Mr. WARD HUNT and Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH have much more to say than Liberals can have, for they can go on for ever praising the Cabinet to which they belong. They have each, too, a special department, and they can speak of the navy and of Ireland. Mr. WARD HUNT had not, indeed, much that was new to say at Peterborough about the navy, and had even once more to resort to his favourite topic that, whatever mistakes the Admiralty may make, the British tar will always do his duty. But as a personal revelation he was able to announce that he very much liked being criticized, as he felt that criticism braced him up. He is thus always doing himself good, and by providing unending food for criticism he is perpetually making himself happier and stronger. Of Ireland Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH was able to give a very good account, as it is getting every day more peaceful and prosperous. The Ministry, he explained, went on the principle of giving Ireland rest and doing as little as possible to encourage the Irish in their various whims. To do nothing is, as they have discovered, the simple secret of Irish administration. The Liberals had big measures for Ireland, and Ireland was in perpetual agitation. The Conservatives have no measures for Ireland, or next to none, and Ireland is quiet and happy. A Conservative audience was sure to be quite ready to accept this as a striking proof of the superiority of Conservative management. But it is obviously begging the question, as a Liberal might reply

that it is precisely because big measures were framed and carried that Ireland is now contented. The sole object of such measures as the Irish Church and the Irish Land Acts was to remove grievances which caused discontent, and if discontent has ceased, this may not unfairly be ascribed to the removal of these grievances. A similar observation may be made on all the glorifications which the present Ministry bestows on itself and its measures. It is very proud of having passed several small measures which have given little or no offence, and it is quite right in saying that it has done what the nation wished it to do. Small, inoffensive measures suited the temper of the times. The excitement of settling big questions which awoke many angry passions and much bitter feeling had worn the country out, and it was in the mood for a quiet life and a little gentle play. There was no wish to go backward, but there was also no wish to go forward; and the great merit of the present Government is that it exactly understood what it was wanted to do in a special and temporary crisis. It often happens in a school that one master works the boys hard all the morning, and another master takes them out for a walk in the afternoon. The Conservatives resemble the master who conducts hard-worked scholars for a gentle stroll, and it must be owned that they have discharged this amiable duty in a pleasing and not un instructive manner.

But it is not to domestic successes that Conservative Ministers now point with the greatest pride. It is the foreign policy of the Cabinet that fills them with admiration of the most triumphant kind. It is certain that the Ministry has had most difficult problems to deal with, and it is probable that it has done on the whole as well as any Ministry would have done. But it is not easy to go much further. No doubt Lord DERBY has shown the virtue of patience for which his colleagues praise him so enthusiastically. He has gone plodding on, writing a series of guarded despatches, striving to do his duty, and earnestly working for peace. But it is not easy to see in what definite way he has contributed to the settlement of the Eastern question. What more especially awakens the admiration of Mr. WARD HUNT and Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH is the mode in which Lord DERBY treated the Berlin Memorandum. The form in which it was presented was offensive to the dignity of England, and Lord DERBY very properly objected to this, and his conduct met with the approval, not only of his countrymen, but of impartial foreigners. But it was quite otherwise when he not only rejected the Memorandum so far as the question of form went, but also refused to have anything to do with its contents. This isolation of England was strongly and warmly deplored by Powers so friendly as Austria and France. And what has it all come to? Lord DERBY has at last signed the Protocol, and the Protocol is really nothing but the Berlin Memorandum in another shape. It recognizes the grievances of the Christians and the proposed intentions of the Porte to make reforms. It announces that the Powers will carefully and minutely watch to see whether these reforms are carried out; and if they are not carried out, then they will concert as to what measures are to be taken. This is practically the Berlin Memorandum over again. In the present state of affairs Lord DERBY is not to be blamed, or rather he is to be strongly approved, for signing the Protocol. It was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. He wished to avert war, and took the only means in his power to avert it. But, so far as he has shaped the circumstances in which he now finds himself, he has so shaped them that he has come to accepting the Memorandum which he gained so much glory in the eyes of his colleagues by rejecting last May. If this is a triumph, it is a triumph which it must be left to Gloucestershire and Northamptonshire Conservatives to estimate at its proper value.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE latest accounts from South Africa, though they require further explanation, seem to confirm the probability of a federal union between the English Colonies and the Dutch Republics. Mr. BURGERS, President of the Transvaal, now openly supports the policy which he had hitherto opposed, and his conversion is the more remarkable because the Kafir war has been for the present suspended. It is said that the terms of peace were humiliating and unsatisfactory, and a fresh rupture may probably be

impending, as it is evident that uneasiness and alarm have produced a division of opinion. The Volksraad appears still to profess a desire of maintaining the independence of the Republic, but at the same time it is willing to form a close alliance with the English Colonies. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, as the agent of the Colonial Office, declines to negotiate on the assumption that the Transvaal is to remain independent; and on the whole it seems probable that the arguments which have convinced Mr. BURGERS will ultimately find acceptance with his countrymen. The story of the whole transaction is evidently fragmentary and incomplete. Lord CAERNARVON, as a prudent and constitutional statesman, may be trusted not to pursue a policy of annexation except under the pressure of sufficient reasons; and, on the other hand, the Dutch settlers would not even discuss the surrender of their independence if the necessity of union were not urgent. The jealousies and the feelings of irritation which caused them to renounce their allegiance to the English Crown many years ago are probably still operative. Their grievances since the first English conquest of the Cape have lately been recorded by a Scotch writer with a violent partisanship which must have been borrowed from the inhabitants of the Republic. When the two outlying States were constituted, the seceding Dutch relied on their own ability both to defend their territories and perhaps to extend their dominions at the expense of the natives. The late petty war appears to have suggested a reasonable dread of their formidable neighbours in the interior of the continent. The success which was at one time attained was almost more mortifying than defeat; for the Boers owed their victory to native allies, while their own levies displayed little warlike aptitude. As the proposed union would be most directly beneficial to the weakest constituents of the Federation, it will be desirable not to exhibit an urgency which might induce the people of the Transvaal to think that they were conferring a favour. Fortunately, entire confidence may be placed in Lord CAERNARVON'S discretion and tact. The Doppers or Dutch yeomen are still opposed to union with the English Colonies; but the settlers in the gold-fields and the small traders of the towns or villages unanimously desire immediate annexation.

If the Transvaal were effectually isolated, it would be unnecessary that the English Government should interfere for the protection of the Republic against internal troubles or external dangers. The expediency of allowing the Dutch farmers to assert their independence may have been more than questionable; but in ordinary circumstances there would be no pretext for revoking the concession. It is only because a war provoked by the Transvaal is likely to extend into the English possessions that the Imperial Government can be driven to assert the right of exercising a control over the method of dealing with the natives. Natal and West Griqualand are occupied by a scanty population of English settlers who are largely outnumbered by the natives. Beyond the frontier are warlike tribes of the same race, whose strength and numbers are unknown; and in case of war the Kafirs may probably not be careful to distinguish between two European races. There is reason to believe that the late hostilities in the Transvaal were caused by encroachments and acts of violence on the part of the Dutch farmers; and if hereafter the English Government is compelled for the sake of its own subjects to extend protection to their neighbours, it is both entitled and bound to claim a control over the policy on which peace and war may depend. The peremptory language which is attributed to Lord CAERNARVON'S envoy, and the partial acquiescence with which it has been received, can only be explained by the knowledge of both parties that serious danger is to be feared. Except for purposes of defence against native tribes, the return of reluctant and malcontent subjects to their former allegiance would not be a desirable acquisition. It is not known whether the Orange Free State is better disposed to enter into negotiations for federal union than it was during the visit of President BRAND to England. In both the Dutch Republics there is an English minority which will probably use in support of confederation any influence which it may possess.

The Ministry of the Cape Colony has not yet formally adhered to Lord CAERNARVON'S policy. The most important community in South Africa is disinclined to join on equal terms a confederacy of comparatively insignificant settlements; and the question is further complicated by the anxiety of the Government of Cape Town to prevent the

separation of the Eastern province from the Cape. The local Government is proud of the success with which it has hitherto managed the natives, and, entertaining no apprehension of war, it is not disposed to make sacrifices for the benefit of Natal or of the Transvaal. The policy of founding a nation in South Africa which may hereafter become powerful is more comprehensive and more statesmanlike; but the hesitation and the susceptibility of Mr. MOLTEU and his party are not unintelligible. Modern experience has proved that even loyal colonies are habitually actuated by a morbid suspicion of the interference of the mother-country. From time to time almost all the greater English colonies have rejected with violent indignation, and even with threats of secession, measures which had been proposed by the Colonial Office in the belief that they were inoffensive. When there is a similar collision of policy, the Imperial Government always sooner or later gives way. Many years have passed since the colonists of the Cape enforced the discontinuance of transportation; and the same concession was extorted by the Australian colonies, although the only settlement which was directly concerned in the question was not unwilling to receive English convicts. The Cape may perhaps be reconciled to the scheme of confederation when it is once thoroughly understood that neither Lord CARNARVON nor any of his successors will impose their policy on the colonists without their consent. Among other paternal attributes of the English Government is a willing recognition of the right of dependencies to the privileges of maturity.

The most zealous of colonial critics cannot plausibly impute to the Home Government the purpose of increasing its own power by promoting division. Confederation may not be universally applicable to adjacent settlements, but it necessarily tends to make them more independent. The Dominion of Canada has almost ceased to complain of Imperial interference since it has assumed the dimensions and character of a powerful State. On a smaller scale South Africa is invited to adopt an organization which will enable it to govern itself, and in the first place to provide for its own security. The dissentients from Lord CARNARVON's policy, while they protest against alleged dictation, are anxious to throw on the English Government the burden of defending the smaller settlements from native invasion. It fortunately happens that colonial questions have in recent times been entirely withdrawn from the region of party politics. In a former generation Ministries were endangered or overthrown in contests relating to the affairs of Canada or Jamaica. The universal acceptance of the doctrine of responsible government for the colonies has had the incidental advantage of rendering colonial policy independent of Ministerial changes. Lord KIMBERLEY habitually supports the measures of Lord CARNARVON, and if he, or one of his Liberal allies, hereafter returns to the Colonial Office, there will be no factious opposition to apprehend. The House of Commons, while it constantly assumes to itself more complete control over domestic administration, abstains with a sound instinct from officious meddling with Indian or colonial disputes. When the Minister has succeeded in reconciling the jealousies and obviating the objections of the Colonies and the neighbouring States, he may confidently rely on obtaining the approval of a scheme of confederation by the Imperial Parliament. The project is at present embodied in a Bill which has been circulated throughout South Africa, before it has been submitted to either House or officially published in England.

FRENCH FACTIONS.

THE election which is to be held to-morrow at Bordeaux will be of more than usual interest. It is, as so often happens under a system which makes an absolute majority of the votes given necessary to the return of a candidate, a second ballot; but it differs from most second ballots in one most important particular. At the first ballot there were three candidates—a moderate Radical, an extreme Radical, and a Legitimist. The extreme Radical got more votes than the moderate, and, according to the usual practice when there are two candidates nominally belonging to the same party, the one that had the fewest votes has retired. But the absurdity of leaving the moderate Republicans in the constituency no alternative but to support either a Royalist or a Radical revolution has apparently struck some of the Bordeaux electors as too absurd to be endured any longer. A moderate Radical

candidate has accordingly come forward in the room of the candidate who has retired, and the contest of to-morrow will again be a triangular duel. Supposing that only the voters who took part in the first ballot come to the poll in the second, the Irreconcilable candidate must be successful. But the hopes of the moderate Republicans are built upon the fact that at the first ballot there were a large number of abstentions; and it is assumed, with apparent reason, that, as it is not the custom of extreme politicians to abstain from voting at elections, these absentees must be moderate Republicans, in the sense at least of not preferring any other form of government. It was not for want of appeals to them to come forward that these electors stayed in their tents at the first ballot. They must have been aware that the extreme Radical candidate was an Irreconcilable, and that, so far as he had any influence in the Chamber, it would be directed to the destruction of the Conservative Republic, and to the substitution for it of a Republic which, in the eyes of these moderate electors, means the Reign of Terror over again. This knowledge was not sufficient, however, to bring them to the poll. Either because they were altogether indifferent to politics, and cared no more for the election of a deputy than an ordinary Londoner cares for the election of a vestryman, or because they drew no distinction between the moderate Radical and the extreme Radical candidate, or because they did not care to show themselves in open opposition to the Conservative candidate, or from some local or personal cause which has not come to light, they chose to stay at home rather than to do the little that was required to defeat a candidate whom they must have thoroughly feared. It may be of course that the imminence of the return of the extreme Radical may rouse them into greater activity than they have yet shown. At all events it becomes a question of great interest whether it will have this effect or not. If it has not, it cannot be for want of all the ordinary incentives to action. Bordeaux is an extremely Radical city—extremely Radical, that is to say, in the sense that its Radicalism is of the most violent type. Political partisanship in the South of France is not in the least mealy-mouthed. Radicals express their feelings with the most perfect frankness, and leave their adversaries in no uncertainty as to the destiny to which they would consign them if they had the power. Consequently the moderate Republicans of Bordeaux have had full warning of the danger in which they would be placed if the Irreconcilable faction gained possession of the government. There is no reason to suppose that they are indifferent to this danger, or that they would not, if necessary, welcome a dictator of some sort as a refuge from it. But, though they would probably be willing to confirm the appointment when some one else had made it, they have as yet shown no trace of that political energy which would enable them to dispense with a dictator. The moderate Republican party has every chance in its favour except one. It is numerically strong, for a large part of the preference which was formerly felt for the Empire as being the Government which best assured order at home and tranquillity abroad has passed to the Republic as being the Government in possession, and, more than this, as being a Government which has given very sufficient evidence of its ability to hold its own against insurrection. It has possession of the machine of government, which in France is a consideration of enormous force. It has a large majority in the Chamber, and nothing more is needed than a determination to make their numbers felt at the election to ensure the retention of this majority. Yet, with all these advantages, the moderate Republicans seem to have as little energy or organization as though they were an oppressed and isolated minority. To-morrow's voting at Bordeaux may possibly show that this apathy is beginning to be disturbed. It is certainly high time that it should be, if the moderate Republicans intend to maintain their advantage in the next conflict of French factions.

The latest act of the Government has been to dissolve the Paris Catholic Committee. That this Committee, like all the Catholic agencies which it served to link together under some approach to a central organization, was intensely hostile to the Government and to the Republic is undoubted. The French clergy seem to have made up their minds that there is nothing to be hoped for from the Republic, and they are consequently anxious to replace it as soon as possible by a Government of better ecclesiastical dispositions. They may be Legitimists or Imperialists at their pleasure; upon this point the

Church leaves them free to follow their individual preferences. But they are not free to proclaim themselves Republicans, because there is no chance that the Republic, even in its most moderate type, will do anything for the cause which the Roman authorities have nearest their hearts. If the Republic would fight for the restoration of the Temporal Power, it might to all appearance secure the active support of nearly all the priests in France; but, as there is not the least chance of its doing this, it becomes the duty of every good Ultramontane to strive to compass its overthrow by every means in his power. That the Roman authorities can really feel any assurance that another Government would do any better for them may be doubted. They have had experience of every form of monarchy of late years, and they must know that one and all have left the POPE to shift for himself. Their feeling probably is that, if in some of the impending European complications the chances of the Temporal Power should improve, it would at least be an advantage to have a Government in France which would have no objection on principle to give the POPE a helping hand. Either of the two possible restorations would answer this description, and for this reason the clergy are perfectly ready to support either the Count of CHAMBORED or Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON in the event of it being possible to take either course to any practical purpose. Still an explanation of the hatred of the Church to the Republic ought not to constitute an explanation of the severity of the Republic towards the Church. If the Catholic Committee of Paris has really been intriguing against the existing order of things in any way that can be brought home to its officials, it might be a useful warning to bring it to trial. The impudent assumption of the Clerical party that, so long as a revolution is of the right sort, it is not in the least inconsistent with Conservative principles to bring one about, deserves to be sharply dealt with. But the dissolution of the Catholic Committee is almost tantamount to a confession that there is no charge that can be brought against its members with any chance of success. Such a step is like suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. It implies that there are men against whom nothing can be proved, who nevertheless cannot be trusted with the ordinary liberty of association. There may of course be conditions under which this is a necessary measure of precaution; but such precautions have always the drawback of giving importance to the persons attacked. This is undoubtedly the effect which the dissolution of the Central Catholic Committee will have in France; and it is difficult to see any gain that the Government can expect to reap which will at all compensate for this undesigned tribute to their enemy's pretensions.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THAT, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, is an old saying which the War Office seems too apt to neglect. There was at one time a great deal of gushing talk about the Volunteers as the element of national defence which rendered the country for ever safe from foreign invasion; and the military authorities, with all their contempt for civilian assistance, found it expedient to humour the movement, if it were only for the sake of keeping up a popular disposition to accept the Army Estimates without criticism or cavil. Now, however, though there is not the same enthusiasm about the Volunteers, they have settled down into a steady, business-like force of a very valuable kind. That they are still in a somewhat crude state, especially as regards their officers, must be admitted; but there can be no doubt that they have in a quiet way, without any fuss and parade, greatly improved in drill and discipline. The Volunteer service is practically supported by private subscriptions of large aggregate amount, for the Government grant is little more than nominal; and there is also a great deal of steady, hard-working industry in the regular drilling of the regiments. It is stated, for instance, that in some of the London corps they have now drills four or five days a week; and this of course means expenditure of money as well as time. Moreover, the sort of public spirit which is fostered by the Volunteer system is a most valuable element of national defence. Thus the Volunteers, as far as they can do anything by themselves, have done a great deal, and deserve every credit for it. At the same time it is evident from such performances as those of Easter Monday

that they have yet to learn how to act in collective operations, if they would avoid mistakes which in real service would simply give them over to wholesale destruction. Both the *Times* and *Daily News* give very fair and discriminating notices of this mimic warfare, and the observations of both seem to point to the same conclusion.

The *Times'* Correspondent mentions that at the very outset the Herts Rifles made a great mistake in entrenching themselves in a ready-made fortification, Totterhoe Castle, instead of occupying, as they should have done, two advanced knolls, "from which they could have swept the ground over which the enemy must advance for a distance of seven or eight hundred yards." This, it seems, is a danger which the Prussians declare to be a very real one, and they deprecate parapets and ditches, unless under very exceptional circumstances, as leading the troops into insecure shelter in cases where forward audacity is the essence of military success. Next, after the Honourable Artillery Corps had fired the round which gave the signal for the beginning of the action, it was found that their ammunition was nearly exhausted. They had brought down with them only three charges, one of which was used, and the further supply which had been expected could not be obtained. They did their best to take up excellent positions, but mere attitudinizing without fire is a poor resource for artillery. Then, again, the shutting up of the little garrison in Totterhoe Castle led to their being surrounded and on the point of being taken prisoners, if they had not been got out by a general order to cease firing; and it also produced subsequent confusion. Indeed, at a very early part of the day the plans of the General in command "began to be ignored." A "brisk letting off of rifles" delighted the crowd, but dissatisfied military men and "even the better informed among the actors themselves." There were two serried lines, with a row of brigadiers "and umpires between them repressing the boiling spirits of the men"; and "the fight was practically at an end." The *Times'* Correspondent also points out that, from neglect of preserving the touch between brigades and battalions, spaces were left into which an active enemy might have thrust a column, and so broken up the line. The formations for attack and defence were also lamentably weak in depth, so that, in the event of a sudden attack by a concealed body of the enemy, the line would have been practically destroyed. Moreover, we are told, a great deal too much ground is usually covered by these manoeuvres; and sufficient attention is not paid to the necessity of always preserving a strong reserve to meet flank attacks, to reinforce threatened points, or to make a concentrated and vigorous effort at the critical point of the fight. And, worst of all, the men expose themselves in the most absurd and reckless way. "When two forces found themselves in contact, for want of elementary tactical training they simply stood and blazed away without effort on the part of either of them to concentrate at any particular point, and so break the enemy at that spot."

The Correspondent of the *Daily News* gives a very similar account of the operations. "With a tenacity," he says, "that argued more valour than discretion, the Herts men came from the shelter of the farmsteads and coolly defied their foes by standing exposed to a murderous fire in the middle of an orchard. If every muzzle of the rifles that kept up such a ceaseless roll from the crest of the hill had covered its man, few of the devoted band below would have returned to their hearths and homes at night; but the aim of their foes was bad, and so a battalion that might have been annihilated was ready to come again when wanted." And then towards the end "it looked very much as if each division had determined not to give way to the other, and having decided to brave annihilation rather than defeat, had taken the readiest means to secure a glorious end. At a distance of a hundred and fifty yards opposing lines stood calmly blazing to their front, scorning to take shelter as they scorned to yield an inch, and those who had no more cartridges to fire continued to snap defiance at their opponents with empty rifles." It is obvious that unintelligent muddling exercises of this kind are a most fatal way of preparing the Volunteers for real fighting, and if they are not fit for real fighting, their existence is not only useless, but mischievous, as encouraging a false notion of security. It is of course no discredit to the Volunteers themselves that they are apt to be light-headed and blundering on such occasions as that of the Easter Monday review. According to the *Times'* report the movements of the men, as regards the ordinary drill,

were good; their actual firing on the whole was very steady; and the rate of firing was regulated by officers and non-commissioned officers with an effect which is said to have been really surprising. The moral which the writer draws from this experiment is that what is wanted is not so much drill, of which there is already enough, but tactics; and for tactics the Volunteers must of course look beyond themselves. The classes of people who supply the rank and file of the Volunteer regiments are of course very fit and sufficient for their work; but there is, as might be expected, a grievous lack of trained and competent officers.

The great fault of the War Office in this matter is that it keeps the Volunteer force too much on the footing of a plaything; and, though it is always liberal of flattering words about it, does not do it justice in the way of assistance and supervision. Thus we find that the Artillery Company has for several years been petitioning in vain for a few rifled guns to replace the old six-pounder smooth-bores, which are practically obsolete weapons. And unfortunately this tendency to live in a sort of fool's paradise, and to make believe that the army is perfect in every respect though it is notoriously the very reverse of perfect in many important respects, affects not only the militia and Volunteers, but the regular army. In this month's number of *Macmillan's Magazine* there is an anonymous article on army reform, which is, however, attributed to a very able and distinguished officer of high rank, in which the writer makes an emphatic protest against the way in which the training and education of the army is still, to a great extent, left to mere "barrack-yard soldiers, admirable sergeants-major, but no more," and points out that as long as the direction of army matters is left in the hands of such people, there can be no hope of the effective reorganization of our military system. It is also pointed out that those in power are deluding the country, though probably only because they have first deluded themselves, when they pretend that "a small number of weak battalions on parade, which have no reserves behind them, and for the expansion of which to war strength no proper arrangements have been made," is a substantial and efficient army; and that this mistaken policy is bringing things to a dangerous crisis. There could not be a more striking illustration of this fatal self-sufficiency and neglect of essential measures than the resolution which has been come to not to hold any autumn manoeuvres during the present year. If the militia and Volunteers are to be of any value on an emergency, there can be no doubt that they must be properly exercised, not merely in barrack-yard drill, but in those larger movements upon which actual warfare depends, and that the one way in which this can be effectually done is by the manoeuvres which are to be suspended.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

AT first sight nothing seems less fitted to supply material for a cynical view of human life than the subject of holidays. The very name is apt to suggest all kinds of agreeable associations, recollections of school-day frolics, images of picturesque national customs, of the village green, the may-pole, and the rustic dance. People are disposed indeed to look on recurring holidays as the few pleasant gleams which light up the monotonous gloom of life. How then, it may be asked, can such a subject lend itself to the pessimist's treatment? To this our cynical observer might answer, that while the idea of holidays is bright enough, the realization of the idea is attended with so many difficulties and drawbacks that it becomes a theme for complaint rather than for exultation. And without doubt there is much to be said for this view of the subject. To the schoolboy a holiday is an unspeakable boon, sent by the generous gods. It stretches out before him as an infinite region of undefined delights. To the young generally, as to Mr. Browning's Pippa, a holiday is a precious thing, the least portion of which must not be wasted—

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure.

In spite of parents' complaints, too, boys generally manage to dispose of long vacations without wearying. Their constantly renewed flow of mental and bodily energy, and their skill in all manner of occult inventions for filling up the vacant hours, enable them to take long draughts of this idle enjoyment. But how different from this is the condition of a busy adult in prospect of an extended holiday! In the first place he may lack the impulses and tastes which are essential to holiday enjoyment. The young man whose interests are centred in the City, whose mind in its daily

movements sweeps a curve bounded at one extremity by the doings of the Stock Exchange and at the other by the romantic gossip so prettily purveyed by a favourite barmaid, finds himself at a loss when the City tumult is hushed and he is called upon to pass a day away from his familiar haunts. Nature does not allure him with her gentle beauty; he is much too dissipated with town life to care for vigorous bodily exercise over tangled moorland or on the bosom of the rapid river. His holiday is thus a burden to him, and long before it has expired he is heartily sick of it. No one probably will deny that there are many persons nowadays in this condition of incapacity. They want the quick nerves, the muscular energy, the feeling for air and colour and sound, the love of free unimpeded motion, which are essential to the full delight of a holiday out of town.

Again, even where the tastes and capacities requisite for these otiose enjoyments are present, the holiday may prove a failure from other causes. One condition of enjoying a holiday is to have one's mind perfectly absorbed in the present, to have one's consciousness saturated, so to speak, with the impressions and suggestions of the hour.

*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,
Oderit curare.*

Yet few people in this busy age are capable of attaining to this state of mind. A man may love nature, he may long to taste of the delicious sense of *dolce far niente*, and yet all the while find himself held back from pure holiday contentment by the force of deeply-fixed habits of life. Thus there are tendencies of thought to be overcome. The mind must be able to free itself from the hold of customary ideas and interests, and this is often difficult enough. Then there are the results of the man's whole mode of life, the almost instinctive disposition to proceed methodically in the laying out of one's time, &c., and these habits of order and punctuality may prove fatal to the quiet and serene enjoyment of leisure days. A man whose temper is seriously disarranged by a delay of five minutes in the serving of his dinner is not a good subject for a day's rambling in the country. With this habit of punctuality there commonly goes an excessive impulse to be busy. People trained in our large towns to habits of constant activity, and to the most scrupulous employment of every moment, are not fitted for the easy, careless attitude of the holiday-maker. Such persons, if they are to enjoy a holiday at all, can only do so by largely transforming it into something not unlike a common working day. They map out the hours of the day with the most anxious care, are concerned to accomplish as much as possible in the time given them, and thus go the very way to miss the most valuable characteristic of holiday experience—the sense of perfect freedom from rule and fetter, and the joy of self-abandonment to the delights of repose.

The causes we have just spoken of are of a nature to undermine the whole pleasure of a holiday. Let us now look at one or two influences which serve to circumscribe the range of this pleasure. Here, again, we have to touch on the effects of daily customary life in producing certain organized habits of thought and feeling. Perhaps the most striking effect produced by our modern social life on the permanent tendencies of individual character is the habit of viewing all parts of conduct as having a social or moral aspect. Mr. Matthew Arnold not long since ventured to define the proportion of human conduct covered by moral obligation. It may be said that the unphilosophical mind is apt to extend a sort of ethical jurisdiction over the whole territory of life. Conscientious persons, busily occupied with affairs which they think to be important, continually use language in relation to their vocations which implies that these are a matter of strict obligation. A man says, I must get a particular piece of work done to-day, and, failing to do so, he feels a distinct pang of remorse. The effects of this excessive development of the moral sense are clearly apparent in the ideas entertained respecting holidays. It is very curious to observe a busy man who is about to take a short holiday. He seems to be half-ashamed of what he is going to do, talks apologetically of his plans, excuses himself on the ground of recent over-work or present ill-health. Such persons are manifestly incapable of enjoying holiday repose and light diversion, except on the understanding that they have a right to do so. The common mode of self-justification is, of course, to refer to the claims of health and the need of an occasional intermission of labour. Only when this idea is present can the rest or the light activity of holiday hours be acceptable. It follows, then, that people of this severely conscientious habit of mind soon exhaust the possibilities of holiday intervals. As soon as they begin to suspect that there is no longer any need of relaxation of mind, the sense of duty intervenes, and then the mind grows insensible to the fascinations alike of natural scenery, of architecture, and of country life.

A habit of thought and conduct intimately related in its origin to the sense of obligation is the tendency to act in agreement with others. This impulse is clearly connected with the action of the social medium on the individual. It goes back probably to the earliest stages of social life, when sociability meant little more than the gregarious impulse to keep together. In any case it is certain that in most people the disposition to imitate others and to act in concert with them is a firmly rooted element of character. When this impulse is in great excess, it may be positively painful to do many kinds of things apart from others. Thus it often happens with the busy, conscientious class of people just spoken of that they strongly object to taking a holiday alone. If the day is a

general holiday, they can easily bring themselves to share in it. Indeed the social impulse to act in concert, and to take enjoyment in a sympathetic fashion, would in this case lead them to cast aside their work, to doff their town attire, and to follow their fellow-citizens to the hills, woods, or sea. It is this limitation imposed by social training which gives to general holidays and holiday seasons a part of their value. It is not only that companionship and sympathy add to the enjoyment of each, or that there are obvious social conveniences in a simultaneous breaking up of town life, and a flitting over land and sea to tourist haunts. In addition to these conspicuous and patent reasons there is a farther and less obvious one—namely, that people find it hard to justify themselves in throwing off the shackles of social relations and of prescribed vocations, and that this operation is rendered much easier when they see their friends and acquaintances doing precisely the same thing. If morality is but a mode of the common uniform action of members of a society, it becomes easily conceivable that, when the collective mass consents to intermit customary habits of life, the individual's conscientious difficulty in taking a holiday is to a large extent removed.

In these, and probably in other ways too, the capacity for holiday enjoyment, for the pleasure of long hours freed from the claims of daily work and handed over to us to be filled up as we like with grateful activities, appears to be greatly interfered with and restricted by the circumstances and influences of modern social life. And here, as we have observed, the pessimist might find an excellent opportunity for enlarging on the irony of life, on the stupidity of mankind when just within reach of what seems most bright and promising in their earthly lot. Yet it may reasonably be asked whether the facts are quite as doleful as they are described by our imaginary lugubrious philosopher. We think at least that there are not wanting a few alleviating considerations. It may be argued, for example, that man's happiness is, after all, best found—in our climate at least—in a busy, active life, and that though this entails the loss of much delicious sensation, it constitutes on the whole and in the long run a gain and not a loss. Again, it may be said that, though we are apt, when attempting to make the most of a holiday, to feel trammelled by habits impressed on us by our dominant circumstances and permanent forms of life, the very contrast between our habitual and our occasional surroundings tends to enhance the charm of the latter. Nothing is so well fitted to prepare a man for enjoying repose as hard work; nothing tends so certainly to quicken the sensibility to rural scenery as a long residence in the murky air of London. And it may be said that, in the case of more thoughtful persons who are less bound by mechanical habits, the rarity and freshness of the brief holiday does more to increase its value than the force of habit does to lessen it. It is to be remarked, too, that these habits do not commonly begin to reassert themselves till some period of leisure has been spent. It is after a man has been sojourning week after week and month after month in a southern climate in idle enjoyment that the ingrained impulses of duty and life-work begin to clamour most obstinately for a hearing. Hence, though this may tell against prolonged periods of idle enjoyment, it does not tell against brief intervals of relaxation. Again, if the high development of our active impulses disqualifies us for enjoying the southern ideal of a holiday, the repose and idle gossip of the Villa Reale or the Pincian Gardens, it does not follow that we do not in our own fashion realize as much enjoyment as these lovers of indolence. Did not Charles Kingsley, for example, extract as much delight from a day's excursion by a rocky stream well-stocked with trout, or over moorland rich in plant life, as an Italian who whiles away his time before a *caffè* in the piazza or Corso? In addition to all this, there is the fact that, as people get more busy, they show themselves more concerned to secure recurring periods of relaxation. The rapid development we have seen of late years, especially among the middle classes, of the custom of a summer excursion must point, it would seem, not to a falling off, but to a growth of the capacity of disposing of leisure pleasantly. We suspect indeed that most people have more of the holiday instinct in them than they care to tell. One may often notice that a man who excuses himself for indulging in a temporary withdrawal from his customary work is in his heart thoroughly eager for the change. We half make ourselves believe that it is a jaded nervous system which demands rest and change, whereas in reality we are impelled by a sense of the monotony of our routine life, a feeling of weariness at the unbroken recurrence of the same scene, the same faces, the same occupations, and an irresistible longing to flit away to some fresh surroundings. Such considerations as these may serve to show that the sum total of felicity derived from holidays is greater than a review of its limitations at first suggests. Perhaps, after all, there is not much room here for a complacent and optimistic tone; the conditions of a thoroughly happy holiday are no doubt very complex and not easily satisfied. At the same time it would hardly be just to draw the inference that holiday-seeking is wholly an illusion, a vain grasping after a shadow.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL REHABILITATED.

THERE are two ways of dealing with an indictment. You may either deny the alleged facts outright and set yourself to disprove them, or you may quietly accept them and proceed to cite them as evidence on your own side. In the first instalment of his

"True Story of the Vatican Council" in the *Nineteenth Century*, Cardinal Manning seemed disposed to rely chiefly—with what success we have already had an opportunity of examining—on the former method of defence. In his second paper he does not indeed abandon this line of argument, as will appear presently, but he combines it with a bold and almost defiant assertion of facts too patent for denial, but which to ordinary apprehension supply the strongest confirmation of the very points he is engaged in contesting. Before, however, we notice this fresh contribution to the authorized Papal version of the tale, it may be worth while to put on record a remarkable announcement made not long ago by the Roman correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to the effect that a work on the Council by the late Cardinal Vitelleschi is already in print, but is carefully guarded under lock and key till the death of the present Pope, when it is at once to be issued, with the author's name, and under the editorship of his brother, the Marquis Vitelleschi, better known to our readers under the sobriquet of "Pomponio Leto." "It proves afresh," according to this correspondent, "the entire want of freedom during the Vatican Council, and that from its first meeting to its prorogation and definitive suspension after the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome it was under the strongest and most despotic coercion ever exercised over the deliberations of any assembly. The Cardinal gives the minutest particulars. From the proof of this coercion, and the complete absence of freedom of discussion, he draws the inference that the decisions of the Council have no validity, and its decrees must be regarded as null and void." If there is any truth in this report—and all we know of the late Cardinal renders it highly probable—it affords at least fresh evidence that Cardinals, like doctors, sometimes disagree.

We are told at the opening of this second paper of Cardinal Manning's that the causes of the infallibility definition "lie on the surface of the history of Pius IX.'s pontificate"; which is only another way of saying what the assailants of the Council have contended all along. Some of these causes the writer proceeds to specify; and first he dwells on the definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854 by the sole authority of the Pope, which could have had no meaning "if Pius IX. did not bear an infallible office," while it also "powerfully awakened in the minds both of clergy and laity the thought of infallibility." Of course it did; that was its main object. Cardinal Manning is virtually endorsing what has been said over and over again on the opposite side, that the definition of 1854 was "a pilot balloon" sent up to prepare the way for the definition of 1870. But this was carefully kept out of sight at the time, and the Court of Rome displayed its wonted astuteness in the selection of the doctrine to be thus defined. It was well known that the truth of that doctrine was almost universally held throughout the Roman Catholic Church, though an influential minority among the Bishops were opposed to defining it as an article of faith. Theologians like Dr. Dollinger—who has changed his mind about it since—were as little disposed as Dr. Manning to question its abstract truth at the time; and hence, when the dogma had been proclaimed, they were able, without any great strain on their conscience, to accept the logic of accomplished facts. They did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, but they believed in the infallibility of the Church, and in defining this dogma the Pope might be reasonably or plausibly maintained to be acting simply as the mouthpiece of the universal consent of the Church. They acquiesced accordingly without forecasting the use which adroit controversialists would make of their acquiescence a few years afterwards. When Cardinal Manning asks what was the act of 1854 if Pius IX. was not infallible, he is careful to forget a distinction which the party under his leadership took particular care should not be forgotten in framing the definition of 1870. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception might be, and often had been, represented as resting in the last resort on the consent of the Church, but the Vatican decree declares definitions of the Roman Pontiff to be "*ex sese, non autem ex consensu Ecclesie, irreformabiles*," and the clause we have italicized was insisted upon as essential in spite of all efforts of the Opposition. "The events of 1854" did therefore prepare the way for the events of 1870 in the sense that those who accepted the first definition were entrapped into an admission intended to be afterwards used against them, the possible applications of which they failed to foresee. Cardinal Manning passes on to the gathering of 500 Bishops at Rome for the Centenary of 1867, when they were induced—not of course without deliberate purpose on the part of the wire-pullers—to sign an address to the Pope in which Peter is said to have "spoken by the mouth of Pius." And this is quoted as parallel to the exclamation of the Council of Chalcedon in 451 that "Peter had spoken by the mouth of Leo," both alike containing an implicit assertion of Papal infallibility. Those Bishops however who knew anything about the Council of Chalcedon would be perfectly aware that their language implied nothing of the kind. The famous "Tome of St. Leo"—who was a theologian as well as a Pope—was submitted at the Council of Chalcedon to a rigid examination, paragraph by paragraph, and it was only after ascertaining its orthodoxy that the Bishops exclaimed that "Peter had spoken by Leo"; just as *e.g.* the hearer of a modern sermon which had come home to his mind and conscience might say, as people often do say in such cases, that God had spoken by the mouth of the preacher, though nothing was further from his thoughts than to imagine the preacher to be infallible. The words of the Bishops at Chalcedon form one of the stock quotations of every infallibilist advocate, but their acts afford the most conclusive

evidence that the opinion ascribed to them was utterly foreign to their ideas. And so little had Leo I. himself any notion of his own infallibility that he expressly states in his Epistle to the Bishops of Gaul that his Tome could not have dogmatic authority till it was confirmed by the Bishops. Cardinal Manning has need to refresh his memory as to "the true story" of the Council of Chalcedon.

Nor is he much happier in his next historical flight. We have a sort of bird's-eye view of the histories, which are regarded as very analogous, of the doctrines of Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception. Both are said to have passed through three successive stages—of simple belief, which was universal in the early ages, of analysis and controversy, and of final settlement. It would be idle to attempt within our present limits any detailed exposure of this startling historical caricature. One example may suffice to prove what confidence can be placed in the Cardinal's history of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. "The second period began in the Pelagian controversy, when St. Augustine, in affirming the universality of original sin, expressly excepted the Mother of our Lord." Nobody would gather from this sentence, what the writer can hardly be ignorant of, that the passage referred to in St. Augustine's Treatise on Nature and Grace does not refer to original sin at all, but to actual sin. The great Roman Catholic and Ultramontane divine, Cardinal Torquemada (not the inquisitor of that name) points this out at length in his work on the Immaculate Conception, and shows that in the context St. Augustine expressly includes the Blessed Virgin in original sin. As to the growth of the doctrine of Papal infallibility, one example again must suffice here. "The amplest proof of this truth is to be seen in the relation of the Pontiffs to General Councils, as in that of S. Leo to the Council of Chalcedon, which he guided in faith, confirmed, and in part annulled." We have seen already that his "guiding in faith" consisted in the Council approving, after full examination, his Tome on the Incarnation. That Papal confirmation was not thought essential in those ages is clear from the fact that the first two General Councils, from which the Church received the Nicene Creed, were never confirmed at all, as neither did the Pope convolve or preside in them. And as to the decrees of Chalcedon being "in part annulled" by Leo, it is true that he refused to sanction the 28th canon, raising Constantinople to the second rank among the patriarchates, and it is equally true that the canon was received and acted upon uninterruptedly from that day forwards in spite of his refusal. Let us pass from ancient to contemporary history. The Cardinal favours us with a highly sensational account of the appearance of "the work entitled *Janus*" and other kindred works in England, France, and Germany, which those who happen to know anything of the circumstances will hardly be able to read without a smile. We refer to it here for the sake of one truly marvellous assertion. "The fable"—fable is a word which the writer would do well to be chary of recalling—"that the infallibility was to be defined by acclamation, was first formally announced in *Janus*." Either the Cardinal had quite forgotten when he penned these words the passage in *Janus* to which he was referring, or he must have reckoned on his readers forgetting it. The passage actually forms part of a long extract from the *Civiltà Cattolica*—the inspired organ of the Holy See—for February 6, 1869. "Catholics will accept with delight the proclamation of the Pope's dogmatic infallibility. Every one knows that he himself is not disposed to take the initiative in a matter so directly concerning himself; but it is hoped that his infallibility will be defined unanimously, by acclamation, by the mouth of the assembled Fathers, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." It is added that "Catholics believe the Council will be of short duration, like the Council of Chalcedon," which only lasted three weeks; clearly therefore there could be no time for debating the question of infallibility. We will only add that at that period the contents of every number of the *Civiltà* were regularly submitted to the Pope in person and received his approval before publication. So much for the "fable" of *Janus*, who had, we are assured, "supplied all the adversaries of the Catholic faith and the Catholic Church with a large vocabulary of vituperation, which was copiously directed against both." Many of our readers must be familiar with the book, and they can judge for themselves whether the copious supply is of vituperation or of facts; probably they will be ready to agree with the reviewer in the *Times* that "it is a piece of cool and masterly dissection, all the more terrible for the passionless manner in which the author conducts the operation."

When he comes to the actual conduct of the Council, the Cardinal again finds it prudent to take the bull by the horns, and try his best to make a virtue of what it would be useless to pretend to deny. Our readers may remember the bitter feeling of exasperation roused among the Opposition Bishops by the vexatious and tyrannical order of business arbitrarily imposed on them by the supreme authority of the Pontiff. Their solemn Protests against it may be read in the collection of *Documenta ad Illustrandum Concilium Vaticanum* since published by Friedrich. Of all this Cardinal Manning of course drops no hint, though he cannot have forgotten it, but he airily informs us that "after full discussion and examination of precedents"—not by the Council itself, but the preliminary Papal committee—it was decided that the order of procedure could only be regulated by the same supreme authority "which alone has the power to convene, to prorogue, to suspend, and to confirm the Council, or even to withhold confirmation from all or any of its acts." He does not remind us that the Council of

Trent arranged its order of procedure for itself, as is shown by documents which poor Father Theiner was displaced from his position in the Vatican Library for letting the Bishops see. Still less does he remind us that not one of the ancient Ecumenical Councils was convened or dissolved by the authority "which alone has power" to do so; that at most of them the Popes did not preside either personally or by deputy; and that their giving or withholding confirmation was treated as a matter of indifference. Of course, on the infallibilist theory, "it is an act of his own free will to convoke a Council at all," and he can make what use he pleases of his own passive instrument; had that theory prevailed from the beginning, there would clearly have been no Councils at all. After all that has gone before, the readers of *Quirinus* and *Pomponio Leto* will perhaps be prepared to listen without too broad a smile to the amusing statement that at the Vatican Council "liberty of speech was as perfectly secured as in our own Parliament," in spite of the violent interruption of several speakers by the presiding Legates and the summary closing of the infallibilist debate in the middle by the same authority; though they may be rather perplexed at hearing that—unlike our Parliament—"the obligation of secrecy" was one main guarantee of the "complete independence and tranquillity" of the speakers. If it was really the object of the Curia to guarantee this "complete independence and tranquillity," their wonted astuteness in adapting means to ends appears to have been sadly at fault. And now our readers will be in a position to judge what reliance is to be placed on the accuracy of the statements whether of past or of contemporary history in Cardinal Manning's "True Story of the Vatican Council."

ALBUMS AND BIRTHDAY-BOOKS.

IS the decay of albums a sign that we are less pedantic, or more mentally indolent and prosaic, than our grandfathers and grandmothers? In a corner of the library of most houses a few albums are to be found, a *hortus siccus* wherein the flowers of old flirtations are preserved. On wet days in the country, and in the "wretchedness," to borrow a strong expression from the Prayer-Book, which wet days in the country beget, people may be found to turn over the ancient leaves, and revive the simpering gallantries of the year of grace 1820. An album must have been indispensable to a young lady in days that knew not the coy familiarities of skating on wheels and the artless merriment of lawn-tennis. Albums brought people together in a semi-confidential way, and to do this was probably the final cause of their existence. There must once apparently have been an age when one young person could ask another to write a copy of original or borrowed verses, within a frame of tinted flowers, or in a stamped design, and when the person appealed to complied with the request. This gave an opportunity for ingenious compliments which, to the relief of one sex at least, is no longer extant. Nothing in the world could now be further from the mind of a girl than to expect an impromptu madrigal in which she is to be compared to the violet, the phoenix, or other flora or fauna of fancy or fiction. And the young man of the age, the character who answers to the long extinct Buck or Dandy or Blood, would betwixt put to it if he were expected not only to spell, but to rhyme, in public. The fribble of the past was proud of his lines on "two beautiful ponies," or, to go further back, of his *au voleur, au voleur!* and his power of rendering all Roman history into a series of madrigals. The same class of human being to-day is at least perfectly well aware of his inability to turn a line, and boasts that he cannot understand that sort of thing.

Perhaps the decline of albums is a thing which may be regretted by a few very old-fashioned admirers of a talent which is obsolete in England. It is a relief, to be sure, that there is now no danger of one's being asked for "a copy of verses." Every one who yielded to the invitation must have written in haste and nervousness, unless, as is very probable, he composed a few epigrams beforehand, and had them ready in his memory for every opportunity. Then a man's lyric placed him at the mercy of its owner, and he must have known that its main use was to be a peg on which the owner's friends would hang personal criticism. To leave a sonnet behind was to leave one's character to be vivisectioned. Still the dreaded albums kept up a survival of courtly and complimentary poetry, a faded thing that still retains a good deal of perfume and delicate grace. All the old piping of shepherds and their responsive songs and praises of Amaryliss dwindled down to album-poetry. But monarchs like Francis I. and Charles IX., men of genius, diplomatists, statesmen, have all taken up Corydon's pipe in their turn, and produced a slender strain, a few lines of flattery and rallery. Even within the memory of people not wholly superannuated, some of Mr. Thackeray's lightest and most tender and graceful verses were written in albums, and recalled the days

When I was young as you are young,
And songs were sung, and lutes were strung,
And love lamps in the lattice hung.

Alfred de Musset, as he is represented in the biography by his brother, was a notable and willing victim of the muse of the album. There is a great deal of bright vivacity in his stanzas, all turning on two rhymes:—

Charmant petit moinillon rose,
Jamais la fleur à peine éclose,
Charmant petit moinillon blanc,
N'aurait eu pareil compliment.
Je ferais votre apothéose,
Charmant petit moinillon rose.

Poets could afford to make pretty presents of these sketches and caprices, and many men of wit who were no poets could turn compliments immortal as the "Accept a miracle instead of wit." Wit has ceased to be "good form," and the bandying of verses seems nowadays an impossible pedantry. No one will write a lyric to tell a young lady that she has a difficult service at lawn-tennis, or that her back-handed strokes are unimpeachable. The female eye is more likely to be spoken of in terms devised for that of the cricketer than compared to a violet, a sapphire, or what not.

Though albums yielded to the spirit of the age, a kind of degenerate offspring survived them. A very painful device, now happily extinct, aimed at making *esprit* easy. What were called "character-books" combined the spirit of competitive examination with the natural shrinking from any sort of taste or elegance in drawing-room diversions. The victim was expected to answer a number of absurd questions as to his favourite painter, poet, musician, motto, and so on; and the inference was that his character might be recognized from this expression of his taste. The character-book was too unpleasant a form of "intellectual diversion" to last long; moreover, it required some mental exertion, more perhaps than many honest people feel when turning over the leaves of a dictionary in search of the solution of an acrostic. To the character-book succeeded the birthday-book, which, we imagine, was first developed in the atmosphere of evangelical devotion. The idea was to have a text of the Bible, chosen at random, for every day of the year, with a blank space opposite, and the proprietor of the volume requested her friends to sign their names at the date of their birthdays. A feeble little flutter of curiosity could be got out of the chance that the text might seem appropriate, and an earnest person might possibly improve the occasion. To be fond of signing one's name, it has been said, is the mark of an idiot; and the operation is certainly easier than composing verses or remembering the titles of historians and musicians. The birthday-book has thus been rather popular, and its introduction at a suitable moment no doubt stirs the stagnant waters of genteel conversation or gives a filip to some very languid flirtation. Texts from Shakspeare are even better adapted to the same purpose, and now the Countess of Portsmouth has published a *Poetical Birthday Book*, which may be euphuistically entitled "The Countess of Portsmouth's Arcadia."

Of all devices for retaining a little poetry in the relations of young men and women, while quite doing away with the least need of mental exertion, the *Poetical Birthday Book* is the most ingenious. The process is the same as in other birthday-books—you sign your name and look at the character which fate and the Countess of Portsmouth have assigned to you. Elderly people, say persons above twenty-five years of age, will not often be lucky enough to find a poetic text that applies to them. But young men and maidens may be perfectly certain that they will alight on one of the prettiest things that Shakspeare, or Mr. Robert Buchanan, Miss Meta Orred, or Edmund Spenser can say for them. A young and aspiring person who has had the luck to be born on the 2nd of January is thus impetuously welcomed by Mr. Swinburne:—

O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the blood-heats of song,
With tremor of heart-strings magnetic,
With thoughts as thunders in throng.

But any one whose mind and body are really in the excited pathological condition here described by Mr. Swinburne may be expected to do his own poetry. The verse only gives him a hint, and he will let free his "thoughts as thunders in throng" with a startling effect quite unlike that of album poetry as it used to be. He will be able to address Mr. Swinburne in words which we lately had the good fortune to read in the works of a young singer:—"My pale, strong brother, my sweet-winged brother," "Brother, my brother, my sad-toned brother," and so on, in a very affectionate and thundering style. To select verse for a character of this sort is obviously superfluous. But a gentleman born on January 6th cannot but be gratified at his good chance—

He had eyes as blue as summer heaven.

A lad whose natal day is January 5th, unless indeed he happens to be very earnest, will smile at a line from Mr. Myers, in which he is saluted as "a simple soul, a hammer of the Lord." But, as a rule, youths are expected to be beautiful. A rowing man who saw the light on January 8th will find a compliment waiting on him from the muse of Dr. Hayman:—

And, but that wind, and sun, and sea,
Had scoured his square-set bust with bronze,
Ambrosial fair.

January 24th is a date not less favourable to manly beauty:—"He was a lovely youth I guess"; and, moreover,

When he chose to sport and play,
No Dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

He who was born on the day fatal to partridges finds a happy quotation from Blake:—

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold.

If men are so fortunate, it may be guessed that ladies rejoice in all the prettiest posies and jewels five words long that English poetry can afford. Who can ask for better than the fate of the maid or matron whose birthday is August 23:—

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn.

For August 9th is reserved the best, if there be a best, of Shakspeare's hyperbolic praises:—

You, oh you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

The ambition of the owner of a birthday-book is to collect the names of three hundred and sixty-five acquaintances. Probably no one ever quite succeeded in this quest. Certainly the happy proprietor of the Bible, the Shakspeare, and the Poetical Birthday Books, "in a neat box," must be lucky if she secures a thousand and ninety-five Biblical, Shakspearian, and poetical friends.

The indolent Orientals are known to take pleasure in the dance, but they prefer to have their dancing done for them. They are mere spectators, and flatter themselves that they get all the delight with none of the exertion. Birthday-books appear to be intended to meet the demands of Western indolence. Ladies still like compliments, and poetical compliments perhaps; but it is too hard work for swains and suitors to compose original strains. And, after all, no ordinary amateur can utter such pretty and sweet things as your professional poet. A casual acquaintance might hesitate to say, even if he thought of it, that a lady's "lips, like foxgloves, pink and pale, went sighing like an autumn gale." The expression seems a little strained, especially when we think of "the wild West wind, the breath of autumn's being." But when an accomplished poet, Miss Orred, has supplied this text for October 3rd, then the casual acquaintance may take courage to insist on the beauty and appropriateness of the expression. Again, a lady might falter before telling a friend right out that

A grand uncommon man was he,
Broad shouldered, and of Gothic form,
Strong built, and hoary like a sea—
A high sea broken up by storm.

Between high seas and pointed arches the compliment is a little mixed; but Mr. Joaquin Miller is responsible for the form, while the excellence of the intention is or ought to be credited to the lady who possesses the birthday-book. One thing leads to another, and one compliment to a series of sweet things, and thus birthday-books may come to be regarded as marriage-books. At the least, less lucky lovers may say, "Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse," of course giving a perfectly proper sense to the quotation. Perhaps when young people come to find out that pretty verses with a personal application are pleasant, they may even desert the "awfully jolly girl" style of compliment, and return to a more prim but more pleasing euphuism. They may pass through the Arcadia of the Countess of Portsmouth to that of the Countess of Pembroke, and find something to like in the grace of old-world gallantry.

MODERN PARLIAMENTARY DUELLING.

WHETHER it is owing to the weather, or the state of parties, or some other mysterious and wayward influence, it is hard to say, but at the present time there is evidently an unusual degree of electrical excitement in the Parliamentary atmosphere. Some people may be tempted to say that it is all Mr. Gladstone, but that would perhaps be going a little too far. It is evident, however, that the great exponent of the age has lately shown symptoms of being highly charged with explosive caloric, and has in fact been letting off sparks, and giving shocks to unfortunate persons who have happened accidentally to come in contact with him. Of course Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, may naturally hold that this is not his fault, but only the fault of the bungling people who do not keep clear of him. However that may be, it would certainly seem to be becoming necessary to make some provision in the way of a reserve chamber or safety-valve for letting off the dangerous ebullitions of political ill-temper which have lately been witnessed. There is nothing new in the use of hard words or strong epithets in Parliamentary debate; but in other days, when the limits of conventional courtesy were exceeded, there was a very simple expedient by which members who had got embroiled were able to settle their disagreements without troubling anybody but themselves. An early meeting was arranged on some quiet suburban common, with a surgeon in attendance, and there was an innocent interchange of shots, which gave the medical gentleman very little to do. Any one who is familiar with Parliamentary history could mention several well-known cases of the kind, such as those in which Lord Londonderry and Mr. Grattan and Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Roebuck confronted each other; and even the most mild and peaceful of public men have had occasionally to take the field. Indeed only a few years ago a hostile meeting was advertised in the papers as certainly going to take place at Boulogne between a doughty Irish chieftain and another Irish member of Parliament; but, on cool reflection, they became perfectly reconciled, and abandoned all bloodthirsty designs, one declaring that he meant no personal reference in the unpleasant remarks he had made, and the other repudiating any intention to sneer at an ancient family. It is satisfactory to think that there has been, as a rule, a happy absence of injurious results in this system of vindicating political honour, the usual finish having been either that shots were harmlessly exchanged, or that an explanation was amicably arranged by the seconds. The great advantage, however, of this method of settling disputes was that, though it was no doubt very uncomfortable for the persons immediately concerned to have to get up at an early hour, and probably without much appetite for

breakfast, it did not disturb or waste the time of the assembly to which the combatants belonged, and merely provided a little agreeable social scandal. What used to be called "personal satisfaction" in this fashion has now passed away; but it is evident from some of the debates during the present Session that the source of such encounters exists quite as much as ever, and is even embittered in certain respects by the comparative absence of responsibility for strong language. Expressions have been very recently used, not, in all cases, actually in Parliament, but having reference to Parliamentary matters, which in the last generation would certainly have led to a quiet visit of the parties involved to Wormwood Scrubs or Putney Heath in the dim morning light. The venom of political distemper is still secreted; but the ensuing battle is now fought out in another way. The plan which Mr. Gladstone, in his practice of universal benevolence and humanity, wishes to introduce is that any one who thinks he has been misrepresented or insulted, instead of inviting his supposed aggressor to a private meeting with pistols, should call him names and impute disgraceful motives to him in the newspapers.

We have already had some illustrations of the working of this system. As soon as the Turkish blue-book was published, Mr. Gladstone seems to have been thirsting for an opportunity of bringing Sir Henry Elliot to book for an incidental remark in one of his despatches from Constantinople. Sir Henry, in pointing out to the Government at home that it was a mistake for people over here to go out of their way continually to abuse and menace the Turks at a moment when it was of importance to the general interest, not only of England but of Europe, that they should be brought under the influence of friendly advice, had referred to personages in England "whose language had created a mistrust of us among the Turks, and a belief that they wanted their expulsion from Europe." Mr. Gladstone questioned the Government on the subject in the House of Commons, and learned, as he expected, that he was one of the "personages" included in this category. Thereupon he wrote a letter to Sir H. Elliot demanding to know on what grounds the assertion was made. The passage, he said, touched "a fact, not an impression or belief, but a fact," which was that certain persons, of whom he found he was regarded as the ringleader, had made a particular declaration. Now, as a matter of fact, Sir H. Elliot, although Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet was in his mind at the time when he wrote the despatch, did not mention him by name, and did not impute to him that he had positively proposed that the Turks should be driven in a body out of Europe. All he said was, that certain personages (of whom, no doubt, it was obvious that Mr. Gladstone was one) had used language which created an impression on the minds of the Turks that there was a feeling in England of the kind described. It is notorious, in fact, that the language which Mr. Gladstone had used included a savage denunciation of the Turks as the "anti-human specimen of humanity," and it was, of course, supposed that so skillful a writer as Mr. Gladstone, if he did not mean to go to the full extent of that expression, would have been careful to guard against the natural and inevitable apprehension of his meaning which his language actually produced, not only in Turkey, but in his own country. In his reply Sir H. Elliot stated that he did not refer to Mr. Gladstone as recommending the total expulsion of the Turks from Europe, but that "this had been distinctly advocated by others"; and added, "Although you, who are certainly the most important person who had produced the impression I was describing, explained that you only proposed that all the civil and military and police authorities should leave the country, this proposal was looked upon with the same feelings as the more sweeping one, and equally contributed to create a distrust in us as friendly advisers of the Turks." This was a very mild and cogent answer, and ought obviously to have settled the question. But Mr. Gladstone's temper was roused; and he would not be contented without a personal hit at Sir H. Elliot. He therefore, without the slightest foundation in fact, and entirely out of his own fancy, assumed that "you"—that is, Sir Henry—"charge upon me (and this is all you can do) the idiotic proposal that the civil and military servants of the Porte should be corporally ejected from Bulgaria, without any provision against their going into Macedonia or Thessaly, or other neighbouring provinces of Turkey." Now any one who looks at Sir H. Elliot's letter will see that it was confined strictly to the fact that certain language used in this country had produced certain impressions abroad, and that he did not enter into any subsidiary question. The irrelevant and also rude remark of Mr. Gladstone "that is all you can do," and his insinuation, for it was nothing else, that Sir Henry had formed an "idiotic" conception of what he had said, of course released the Ambassador from the necessity of further discussion.

In another case Mr. Gladstone has also indulged in very serious and unmeasured imputations on the honour and good faith of a member of the House of Commons. In the late debate on the Eastern question before the holidays Sir H. Drummond Wolff quoted some passages from former speeches by Mr. Gladstone as reported in *Hansard*. Mr. Gladstone had already spoken, and could not rise again on the same question; but he was present when the quotations were read, and asked and obtained references in regard to them; and he might have made a reply either on one of the numerous motions for adjournment which occupied the House till the dawn or at the sitting on Monday. What he preferred to do was to send a letter addressed to Sir H. D. Wolff, which the latter was surprised to read for the first time in the papers. It is true that this was owing to the letter having been wrongly addressed through an error in a

directory; but most people will be of opinion that the etiquette of good society requires that, if the receipt of an important letter is not immediately acknowledged, inquiry should be made as to whether there may not have been a failure in transit; and Mr. Gladstone ought certainly to have waited to ascertain this before giving the letter to the world. In this document he accused Sir H. D. Wolff in the strongest and most express terms of having made a garbled citation of the passages quoted. He also imputed that Sir Henry had purposely seized the opportunity of criticizing his opinions, because "you knew that I could not reply to you"; although, in point of fact, Sir Henry had no chance of any earlier opening. It should be observed that in making this attack Mr. Gladstone misrepresents what his opponent said in just the same way as in Sir Henry Elliot's case. He complains that Sir H. D. Wolff "conveyed an impression that he had laid down some general doctrine that humanity was to be set aside whenever it came into conflict with neutrality." As far as we can see he did nothing of the kind, but simply quoted with literal accuracy from an authoritative record two opinions which Mr. Gladstone had certainly expressed at the time and on the subject specified. To say that it is "garbling" not to read a whole speech through when only certain parts of it are in question is of course mere nonsense; but it unfortunately shows the spirit which Mr. Gladstone introduces into controversy. Nor was this all; for he went on to preach a homily on the offence or crime of what he attributed to his adversary, remarking that "every day he passed by fictitious charges in silence"—a very broken silence—"but in the case of a member of Parliament speaking in his place, I think it is a public duty to protest against the use in any style of warfare, however poor, of the method of garbled quotation." There was another complaint which Mr. Gladstone brought forward, and that was that it had been hinted that he was looking for office when he spoke in a certain way—a view which he contradicted; but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone was at that time, not having then renounced the essential obligations of political life, in such a position that the prospect of having to take office must have been constantly before him; and indeed he was in office very soon afterwards. Having been treated in this way, Sir H. Drummond Wolff thought himself entitled to make his explanation in the House, and as his speech had been made there, he had of course a right to defend it in the same place. Mr. Gladstone disputed the principle, which he assumed to have been laid down, that in such a case when a challenge was made there should be an opportunity of then and there replying to it; but, under certain conditions, this is reasonable enough. No doubt it is a pity that valuable time should be spent on personal issues of this kind; but the fault is with those who unnecessarily raise them.

Then, as if his hands were not full enough already, Mr. Gladstone has rushed into type once more about his grievances. It seems that, in a recent public address at Brighton, Mr. Ashbury had paid him the very high compliment of supposing that his popularity as a writer was such that his pamphlets on the Eastern question had brought him in 10,000*l*. It is true that Mr. Ashbury very improperly suggested that it was with a view to profitable commerce of this kind that Mr. Gladstone had engaged in his extraordinary agitation; but still Mr. Gladstone might have endured this reflection, which could hardly have been seriously made, in consideration of the handsome estimate of his tremendous literary influence. Probably he will be satisfied now that he has exposed the fable. If, however, the eminent but pugnacious statesman is to establish a regular system of doing combat with any opponents he can find, like an Irishman at Donnybrook, a rather dismal prospect is opened for readers of the newspapers, should editors be weak enough to go on giving him space for venting his peculiar humour. Considering the looseness and vagueness of language in which the most voluble of orators is in the habit of indulging, and the extreme difficulty of forming a distinct idea of what he exactly means, it may be expected that he will have abundant opportunities of personal controversy. His explanations in regard to Mr. Odo Russell's mission to Versailles will be remembered as a remarkable example of the sort of extraordinary mystification to which he is apt to resort in cases of difficulty; and the stories which he told at a recent meeting of the Serbian Relief Fund as to what he saw of Turkish atrocities during a hasty visit of an hour or two to the Albanian coast many years ago, and which have been disposed of by Sir P. Colquhoun, are another instance of his loose talk. It is very hard, however, that the public should be bothered with these unpleasant and undignified exhibitions either in Parliament or in the newspapers; and the best plan would be for Mr. Gladstone to establish an organ of his own in which he could deal periodically with all his antagonists. People would then know what to expect, and could read as much or as little of this sort of thing as suited their tastes.

THE AMERICAN SILVER COMMISSION.

LAST year, while the panic caused by the fall of silver still prevailed, and shortly after the Report of Mr. Goschen's Committee had appeared, the United States Congress appointed a Commission to advise the Government on the resumption policy to be pursued in view of the change that had taken place in the relation of the precious metals to one another. This Commission has now presented to the Senate two Reports

—one signed by five members, the other by three. The Reports themselves have not yet been received in this country, but the substance of them has been made known, and very remarkable documents they appear to be. It will surprise nobody to be told that the majority recommend a return to the double standard. The constitution of the Commission made this inevitable, and the only wonder is, not that they have so reported, but that the minority hesitated to agree with them. Senator Jones of Nevada, the Silver King as he is nicknamed, the greatest mine-owner in America, and representative of a State whose wealth and importance are derived from its ores, is the leader of the majority. Without attributing to him any unworthy motives, it would be strange indeed if he did not desire to see a silver currency adopted. The argument, however, by which he and his friends support their recommendation is one of the most extraordinary ever put forward in a grave public document. Briefly, it is that the universal commercial depression which has prevailed for nearly four years is due to the demonetization of silver in the United States in February 1873, and in Germany in the July following. To expose the amazing ignorance or audacity of this statement it is enough to remark that the United States have suffered perhaps more severely than any other country from the depression, and that the money of the United States in 1873 was not silver, but inconvertible paper. The demonetization could, therefore, exercise no influence on prices, as they were not calculated in silver. It is hardly necessary to say that the depression is the consequence of the over-speculation and wild financing of the couple of years that immediately followed the Franco-German War. The recommendation of the majority of the Commission, however, does not depend for its chances of success on the arguments on which it professes to be based, but on far more powerful circumstances. We all know the influence exerted by "Kings" in the United States on the action of Congress, of the State Legislatures, of the Federal and State Administrations, and even of the courts of law, as well as on the course of public opinion. Now the Silver King of which Senator Jones is the head is by no means the least powerful of these peculiar products of American public life. Then, again, the protection of native industry has an extraordinary hold on the American popular mind, and silver-mining is a very valuable American industry. Further, the double standard was the old American system, only given up so lately as four years ago. It has, therefore, still in its favour the strong Conservative tendency of the unlearned public. Lastly, it would unquestionably be easier to resume specie payments with a silver than with a gold currency. The badness of the reasoning by which the recommendation of the majority is supported will hardly, therefore, exercise much influence on the ultimate decision. Nor is the Report of the minority of the Commission better deserving of regard. Of the minority Senator Boutwell, President Grant's former Secretary of the Treasury, is the principal member. And the document to which he sets his name is also favourable to the remonetization of silver; but it recommends the United States Government, before acting on its own account, to propose a convention to the European Governments for the purpose of establishing a fixed relation of value between silver and gold. Until this convention has been held, the authors of the minority Report are of opinion that there would be no harm in allowing the American currency law to stand as it is. It is hardly worth while to criticize so childish a recommendation as this. It is perfectly evident that our own Government would take no part in the proposed convention. We have a monetary system which experience has proved to be the best attainable under existing circumstances, and to change it is totally out of the question. The German Government, which has been at such extraordinary expense to provide a gold coinage, is just as little likely to undo what it has done at the suggestion of the American Government. The most, therefore, that could be achieved would be a convention with the Latin Union. That would, no doubt, be valuable both for the Latin Union and the United States, but not so valuable as to make it advisable to postpone the adoption of the double standard until after resumption, if the double standard is to be adopted at all. For, were resumption once accomplished, the case for the double standard is gone.

It is, however, a work of supererogation to convict American public men of ignorance in financial matters. It is of more interest to inquire what is likely to be the result on the price of silver, and on the exchanges of the world, in the event of the Report of the majority of the Commission being adopted by Congress. The causes of the late violent fluctuations in the value of silver are twofold—an extraordinary increase of the supply and an exceptional decrease of the demand. Any modification of either of these causes is immediately felt by the market. We have had illustrations of this during the past few years. In 1870 France suspended specie payments, adding the most important name to the long list of States under the régime of inconvertible paper. Immediately there set in a downward tendency in the price of silver. The next year Germany decided to demonetize silver and adopt a gold coinage. For a while the effect was checked by the payment of the indemnity. But with 1873 the fall in silver began to be serious. And the fall was aggravated by a decrease in the exportation of silver to the East, and an increase in the bills drawn by the Secretary of State upon India. Lastly, very rich silver-mines were discovered in Nevada, and rumour magnified their productiveness. Owing to these various causes silver continued to fall, until at one moment last July the

price actually sank to forty-seven pence per ounce. But now a reaction set in. The German Government refused to sell its surplus silver at such a price, and the American mines yielded only about 7,700,000*l.* worth last year, instead of the minimum of nine millions estimated by Mr. Goschen. In consequence the actual supply in the market began to run short. At the same time the India Office, alarmed at the effects of the fall on its own finances, reduced as much as possible its drawings upon India; while the depreciation acted as a check upon the export trade from Europe to India, and as a bounty upon importation thence—so much so indeed, that it was found profitable to bring wheat from Bombay to London through the Suez Canal. The consequence was that silver began to flow to the East to pay for the goods sent here. Then came the failure in the European silk crop, of which we spoke last week, and the consequent demand for Chinese, Japanese, and Indian silk, which stimulated the drain of silver eastwards. And the failure in the sugar crop had the same influence, though to a very much slighter extent. Lastly, the American Government began to prepare for resumption by the coinage of eight millions worth of silver to replace the small currency. To the surprise of every one, it was found that the agents of the Treasury had to come to London to get the required amount of silver. The price then began to rise as rapidly as it had fallen, and in January last it had actually reached fifty-eight pence. The German Government thought it now saw its opportunity to dispose of its old silver. Instead of acting cautiously, however, it threw a large quantity on the market, and the price instantly went down again. Then came the Indian Budget, in which we were told that a loan in London was contemplated—that is, an increase of the home charges, which already so seriously aggravate the difficulty; and also that the Secretary of State's drawings would be on a larger scale than ever. The fall became accelerated, the price this week being between fifty-three and fifty-four pence. Thus we have had an unprecedented fall, followed by an equally rapid rise, and that again by a fall almost as rapid as the first, according as the demand or supply preponderated.

It is evident from what we have said that the chief disturbing cause is the unknown amount of old silver which the German Government has for disposal. This is a constant source of apprehension; for no one knows how soon political necessities may compel its sale in a quantity that would break down prices. Otherwise, the supply is not very much in excess even of existing demands, as was seen in the latter half of last year. Now, if the United States adopt the double standard, they will coin much more silver than gold, and thus will need the stock which Germany wants to get rid of. The indirect results of such a measure would be scarcely less important than the direct. France, as M. Léon Say has told us, is watching the course of events to be guided by them whether she will retain the double standard or reject it. If the United States return to it, France will probably make no change. Certainly Italy and Austria will not. For two years running successive Ministers of Finance have assured us of the eagerness of the Italian Government to resume specie payments, and the near prospect of an equilibrium between income and expenditure makes this policy practicable. The Austrian Government is equally earnest in its professions of the same desire. If, then, the United States remonetize silver, we may be sure that Italy and Austria will not demonetize it. Thus we have the prospect in the near future of four of the great Governments of the world re-adopting silver as a legal tender. This circumstance, should the report of the Commission be approved by Congress, will remove the impression made by the demonetization in quick succession by Germany, the United States, and Holland. As for the effect on the exchanges, it would be to lessen the frequency and severity of monetary crises. During the past quarter of a century gold has been becoming the sole medium of international exchange—the means, that is, by which the debts of nations to one another are settled. At the same time the production of gold has of late been falling off. Were all the commercial countries to adopt a gold standard, gold would therefore become scarce and dear, just as silver would lose a great part of its value. But if the United States adopt the double standard, and if the example is as fruitful as we should expect, this danger would be avoided, and the great banks, such as those of England, France, and Germany, would not so often be obliged to disturb trade by raising the rate of discount simply to prevent a drain of gold.

To the world at large, then, the adoption by the United States of the majority Report would be an undoubted advantage. It would save the Indian Government from a disaster scarcely less serious than a famine; it would relieve the German Government from a very serious difficulty; to France also it would be serviceable in a way that will presently be seen; it would steady prices in the silver countries—a most desirable consummation; and it would prevent monetary crises from becoming more frequent. But whether it would be equally advantageous to the United States is more than doubtful. Unquestionably it would be easier to resume specie payments with silver than with gold. At the present moment, in fact, greenbacks are much nearer the value of gold than silver is. Consequently, there would be no loss in resumption. This is, of course, a powerful recommendation. But, on the other hand, all experience proves it to be impossible to maintain a fixed ratio of value between gold and silver. One might as well attempt to make the price of wheat or of iron unchangeable. The consequence of adopting a double standard is that when the value of one of the metals rises that one is exported, and the country is left with only the depreciated metal. Thus at the be-

ginning of this century the United States set a higher value upon silver than France did; it was found profitable, therefore, to pay in silver only in the United States, and to export the gold to France, where it was worth more. The consequence was that, although both countries had the double standard, gold alone was in circulation in France, and silver alone in the United States. Afterwards this state of things was reversed. No doubt this particular danger might be guarded against by Mr. Boutwell's proposal that all nations using silver should adopt the same ratio of value. But an agreement of this kind would not prevent another form of the same risk. If the Nevada silver mines are as rich as they are said to be, and if the production of gold does not increase, in the long run gold will become dearer. It will in that case be to the advantage of all persons who have payments to make in the countries where silver is a legal tender to make them in silver; they will obtain a full discharge of their debts by using the cheaper metal. But this cannot be done where gold alone is legal tender. Therefore, the countries of the double standard will retain silver for their home use, and export gold. The result is precisely the same as in the case of an inconvertible paper currency, and the inconvenience would be similar. But now, if the growth of trade in the East were to make silver the dearer metal of the two, silver would be exported thither, and gold would flow back to the double standard countries. Thus these countries would always retain the depreciated metal, and would further be frequently changing their money, so that a man who had to let land for, say, a thousand dollars a year, would never know whether he would receive gold or silver. Such are the disadvantages to the United States to be set against the greater facility of resumption in silver, and they explain our previous remark that it would be a benefit to France were the United States to adopt the double standard. For, by sharing the burden, they would make it lighter; and, further, by extending the area of fluctuation they would lessen its violence.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

SOMEWHERE within the shadow of an English cathedral is sure to be found a nest, or den, which has been built or adapted for himself by the collecting bookseller of the county. He is not accustomed indeed to describe himself by this name; but there is a certain unloveliness of association and general odour of Houndsditch attaching to the more usual "second-hand" which makes that designation as unsuitable in literature as it is acknowledged to be in art. Second-hand books unhappily abound, and none the less that they may be popularly supposed to be new, and may shine in very gorgeous raiment; but these are not, and are not likely to be, in the line of the collecting bookseller. He does not affect plate-glass, and he has no room for a counter. The shape of his shop, whatever it may be, is undiscoverable by the visitor, who is confronted by barricades of books at every turn, with intricate passages between; while in a corner behind an old desk, upon which appear a waste-book and an inkstand, the visitor will be fortunate if he finds the proprietor, who is just as likely to be represented by a small boy in his own absence at an auction twenty miles off. He has a very keen eye for such auctions at old halls or rectories as may be worth attending; and at more than one of these he is fairly certain to have picked up an octavo in the substantial calf of the last century, well got up and carefully preserved by its original owner, which ought not to remain forgotten on his shelves while the library of any public school in England is without it. For almost every public school of importance has now its school magazine; and the whole race of these vigorous and lively periodicals traces its origin, directly or indirectly, to the *Microcosm*, the "Spectator" of Eton, whose brief and brilliant career was comprised within the limits of a single school year in 1786-7, closing apparently when its editor and chief contributor, Canning, left Eton for Oxford, where two years later he obtained, at barely nineteen, the Chancellor's Prize for Latin verse. The type of Eton boys who, in association with Canning, produced this singularly interesting series of papers, is reproduced in the members of modern sixth forms, by whom, as we have reason to believe, the editorship and literary conduct of the school magazines is carried on, and who are for the most part the prizemen and scholarship-winners of their schools. It is curious to trace the similarity in many points between the character of the contents of the last-century magazine and that which is exhibited by its successors; while in one important particular the *Microcosm* essentially differs from them. They are chronicles, or newspapers, relating current events of interest in the school community, and full of personal details of what may be described as of a public nature in relation to that community; whereas on all these points the *Microcosm* is entirely silent. Not a single name appears throughout the whole series of papers, except in the quaintly-conceived "Will" of Mr. Gregory Griffin—the editorial pseudonym—in which the authorship of all the chief writers and of some of the minor contributors is acknowledged. Nor does the *Microcosm* supply the slightest information as to the games of Eton at the time, which appear to have been thought beneath the notice of the editor and his staff. This is an omission which gives great cause for regret; though perhaps it is even too abundantly compensated in the representative journals of the present day, which in this respect tend rather to an overwhelming minuteness of statistical detail. Amidst the general and hearty

interest which the arrival of the school magazine excites "at home," it is difficult to give a very sustained attention to the "analysis of the bowling" in a hard-fought match, or to the "batting averages for the term" achieved by the Eleven and the Twenty-two. Still, for historical purposes, this is the more satisfactory extreme; and it is a little provoking to get but a mere glimpse of Eton cricket, and apparently of the "professional" type of the time, vanishing in an instant, and leaving a trace scarcely perceptible; as we read that "the cricketer will, in poring over a page of Horace, lose the trophies which await him as hero of the Hampshire, and bulwark of the White Conduit; and exchange the invigorating commendations of a Small, Shock White, or Lumpy, for the dull drudgery of blundering through ten long years of scholastic labour."

The number of public school magazines or journals now regularly issued is considerable, and the lists of "acknowledgments" published in those to which we have been able to refer show both that America is not behind the old country in the matter, and that the merits of Transatlantic Microcosmopolitans are heartily recognized by the boy-editors of our English schools. As a rule, the titles of the home publications follow the names of their respective schools, the few exceptions having doubtless a well-understood local significance, but requiring some explanation to bring them to the level of popular intelligence. The *Meteor* flashes from Rugby; the *Ouse's* nest we should conjecture to be not far from Bedford; and the writers in the *Uula*, we may be sure, take care to provide the promising scholar-freshmen whom they send up in force to the Universities with a somewhat wider knowledge of the greater world than was possessed by an ingenious youth who came to Oxford in the days when every right-thinking undergraduate was Protectionist to the backbone, and who complained bitterly of the unjust and unreasonable outcry which he heard on every side against the "Manchester School." The title of one magazine calls indeed for some serious remark. The boys of the school from which it issues are not the only inhabitants of the suburb whose name it bears; and the eminently respectable gentlemen who daily betake themselves thence in decorous procession to the city, and whose influential support is so highly prized by all religious and charitable institutions, ought not to be ticketed behind their backs with the inappropriate, if irresistible, designation of the "Black Heathen." The interchange of these journals, for which the book-post gives facilities, serves almost as an invitation to criticism of each other; and upon this very thin ice an occasional venture is made, although some of the editors more prudently avoid it as dangerous. Its practice is perhaps to be encouraged as an early exercise in literary courtesy, since no class of writers can be more sensitive to pain, or more unwilling knowingly to inflict it, than the young editors of these magazines. Standing, not by any means "with reluctant feet," where the school stream is almost merging in the current of active life, they have not yet reached that callous indifference with which maturer critics can stand the fire which they are ready to return; while, on the other hand, they have left behind them in the lower forms the rough-and-ready method which once had sufficed for all cases, but which would not, even if it were now available at all, meet the case of an absent and invisible opponent—"Will you fight?" The more cautious editor who abstains from literary comments on his contemporaries cannot always avoid the dangers thus attendant on criticism, since he must necessarily depend very much on the "swells" of the Eleven and the Twenty—or is it to be the "Fifteen"?—for his graphic narratives of games. He has full liberty to relate how the winning hit in a house match was made by Smith, "who in his well-known style hit a rather wide off-ball of Brown's away to square-leg for five"; but woe to him if he prints any descriptions of this nature in his report of a foreign match. The upper forms of our own day have at least one characteristic in common with their predecessors of the *Microcosm*: outside their own privileged circle they cannot endure to be chafed. One of the most life-like of the *Microcosm* papers evidently owes much of its force to some personal experience of the writer on this point; although the description of the Eton boy's miseries during his annual Christmas visit to the "waggish" North-country squire may well have been coloured by Canning at sixteen with some exaggeration in other points than in the Squire's orchard-robbing story "when he was just about my age," which the writer asserts that he had heard verbatim "for fourteen years" in succession. In the "little world" of the public school, satire, often of a very severe kind, was permissible and was freely practised then, as it is now, although its personal application to individuals was, and is, carefully avoided. Probably within the limits of the school the leaders of an objectionable set, or the most conspicuous supporters of a snobbish or offensive practice, may recognize their own features and know that others will recognize them also; but not the faintest personal allusion is allowed even in these cases to appear; and the objects of the satire are most likely too well pleased with their own performances to feel very much offended by the notice. But in this way the boys are able to bring public opinion to bear on folly and bad taste, or even on the incipient germs of vice, by the use of ridicule or plain speaking which they would not tolerate if it were adopted by their superiors. The first article of the *Microcosm* succeeding the introductory paper is an admirable instance of an attack directed with equal force and courtesy against the then fashionable practice of "swearing." This is by Canning; while one of his fellow-workers, Mr. Robert Smith, is equally happy in his assault in the following number upon the

"loungeurs" or swell of the time, who called themselves "Bucks," and cultivated idleness and "apathy" as one of the fine arts. In this paper the character of the "languid swell" of our own day is anticipated with amusing fidelity; while the "swell's" conceit, and the exceptional instances of rudeness and discourtesy towards ladies which occasionally draw down upon him the rebuke of the modern artist's pencil, are attacked in as pointed a manner by the unknown author of the letter in No. XIV., bearing the signature of "A Mortified Country Girl." Papers such as these are often found to have their parallels, adapted to the altered circumstances of our own day, in the school magazines; and various other points of resemblance will occur to any one who compares their pages with those of the old Etonian volume. If Mr. Gregory Griffin "displayed his critical abilities" in a "Critique on the Heroic Poem of the Knave of Hearts," we have seen the more modern science of historical criticism applied in a manner which would have drawn forth hearty approval from Mr. Canning in an exhibition of connected biographies of "Caius" and "Balbus," obtained from the fragmentary incidents of their lives preserved in Latin exercise-books, with an excursus on the moral character of each, which appears in both cases to have been of the nature known to Aristotle and the United States as "mixed."

A school magazine must, from the mere fact of its existence, be liable to suspicion from two opposite points of view; and it is very much to the credit of the conductors of these publications that their course is so skilfully steered—perhaps we ought to write "coxed"—as to avoid both the Scylla of breach of discipline and the Charybdis of being distrusted as a disguised police. They have thus far succeeded in securing the confidence of the executive and the constituency alike. A censorship of the press may at times have been rather indicated as a possibility than threatened as a measure, when the discussion of school practices has approached the confines of criticism upon school rules; but the complete understanding, or rather the intimate association of mutual regard, which prevails between Head-Masters and their sixth forms renders any strict regulation on this subject unnecessary, and the boys keep themselves within bounds. From the opposite side the suspicion which might attach to the magazine as a mere instrument of the school authorities is avoided by the acknowledged practice of inviting contributions from the junior Assistant-Masters, who criticize and are criticized as frankly in the columns of the school journal as at the meetings of the School Debating Society. The pages of the *Microcosm* convey no suggestion that its publication was viewed with disfavour by the Eton authorities, or that any danger to the somewhat more despotic system of school government then prevailing was apprehended from it; but the suspicions of the school constituency on the other side appear to have been excited, and were answered in a frank and manly note by Mr. Canning. Referring to "an opinion lately disseminated by some people" "that the *Microcosm*, previous to its publication, is subjected to the criticism of my superiors, or, in their own words, looked over by Ushers," he declares "the idea" to be as "false in information" as it is "unclassical in phrase." "Slaves cannot live in England; Ireland enjoys an immunity from toads; in a similar degree is the climate and constitution of Eton utterly unadapted to the existence of 'Ushers.'" This spirited reply concludes by "assuring the public that, little as may be the merit of these compositions, they are not 'ushered' into the world by those who are degraded by the supposition—the Assistant directors of Eton education"; and it anticipates with perfect exactness the universal and indignant protest of the public schoolboys of our own time if by any chance the obnoxious term of "Ushers" is applied to the Assistant-Masters. It is not to be expected that schoolboy poetry should rise to a very high degree of excellence, and it does not appear that the lapse of a century has made any perceptible alteration in the general level; but in more than one of our modern public school magazines occasional verses have appeared which suggest a hope that their authors may not, like the writer of the simple and touching lines of "Etonensis" on "taking leave of Eton" in 1787, remain to readers in the future "unknown."

OVERCROWDING.

A DISCUSSION of the kind which is usually reserved for the recess has been going on for the last week in the *Times*. The progress of the clearances made under the provisions of the Artisans' Dwellings Act has lately attracted some notice, and this perhaps has suddenly reminded a large number of excellent persons that there is a great deal of overcrowding in London, and that they cannot take the credit of having done anything to bring it to an end. Accordingly they at once disburden their consciences in that convenient substitute for confession, a letter to the *Times*, and at a season when there is nothing to write about but the Eastern question, and when everything there is to say about the Eastern question has been said many times over, this is as good a way of filling up space as any other. Now that Parliament has again met, those who have been behindhand with their contributions will find that the importance of the subject has grown suddenly and strangely less. They may cheer themselves with the reflection that the Whitsuntide recess is only six weeks ahead, and that, unless a war has broken out in the interval, the same lack of matter will produce the same readiness to print whatever comes to hand.

Amidst the various suggestions evoked by the discussion, there are one or two that are really astonishing from their simplicity. The suffragan Bishop of Guildford proposes to cure overcrowding by building houses for the poor of London and other great towns at the cost of the State. He admits that the expense would be "enormous"; but then, he says, "the object is one which hardly admits of the consideration of the expense." It is to be feared that this is not a point on which he will find many ratepayers ready to agree with him. The Metropolitan Board of Works has not shown itself over-eager to incur the outlay entailed by mere clearance of sites for others to build on, and if it were proposed to extend the principle of the Artisans' Dwellings Act to all houses which are either unfit for decent habitation or, at all events, for decent habitation by the number of persons now living in them, and if in addition to this it were proposed to throw the cost of building as well as of clearance on the rates, there would be a small revolution at the next municipal elections. The Bishop of Guildford must be supposed, therefore, to contemplate throwing the burden on the Imperial, not on the local, Exchequer. In that case the Chancellor of the Exchequer might bid farewell to all his projects of paying off the National Debt. He would certainly have to contract a very large new loan, and the additional interest he would have to provide for would pretty well dispose of his Sinking Fund. The Bishop of Guildford looks forward to an adequate return to the State in the shape of diminished pauperism and crime. But, however certain the eventual harvest might be, there is no question that the seed would have to be paid for out of borrowed money.

Sir Francis Peek sees plainly the extravagance of the Bishop's proposal; but, lest he should be puffed up by his own superior wisdom, he is allowed in the same breath to make a still more extraordinary suggestion of his own. He proposes to make the act of permitting overcrowding a penal offence, and to hold both the landlord and the head of the family responsible for allowing more than a proper number of persons to inhabit a house or a room. The discovery whether a given house or room had more than its proper number living in it would, of course, be a matter for inspection. Every room inhabited by the poor would have the amount of its accommodation determined, and it would be the business of the Inspectors to take care that no room ever contained more than its regulated number of inmates. Sir Francis Peek argues that this would involve no undue interference with the liberty of the subject, since it is the duty of every Government to protect the community against acts on the part of individuals which involve public danger. This is true no doubt as a general principle, and provided that Parliament were ready to pass such a measure, and that landlords and tenants were ready to yield obedience to its provisions, there might be no objection to dealing with overcrowding in the way Sir F. Peek suggests. The only thing to be said is that in so submissive and well ordered a community there would be no need for laws against overcrowding. A mere hint from the authorities would be enough to suppress it. But, as applied to a population such as that among which overcrowding is common, such a law would be altogether impracticable. It would be impossible to pass it through Parliament, and, if passed, it would either remain a dead letter, or it would be repealed as soon as any attempt was made to enforce it. To compel landlords to take stock, as it were, of the domestic arrangements of their tenants would be to lay on them an intolerable burden. Such a system would convert every landlord into a policeman in plain clothes, whose conclusions would in their turn be checked by another policeman in plain clothes in the shape of the Sanitary Inspector. One or other of these officials would have to be invested with unlimited authority to enter any room at all hours in order to ascertain how many inmates it contained. It is usually at night that overcrowding takes place, so that to give an Inspector this power during daylight only would be of no avail. He might have the best reasons for suspecting that there were more persons habitually sleeping in a room than the law allowed, and yet be wholly unable to produce any proof of it. But to give any body of men the power of forcing, or even of demanding, an entrance into any rooms which they might suppose to be overcrowded during the hours when the inmates were ordinarily sleeping there, would be to establish an inquisition such as would not be tolerated in the most despotic country in Europe.

The truth is that overcrowding can only be cured on a large scale by the employment of very gradual means. So long as lodgings are scarce, and rents large, and the standard of living low, there will always be those who are willing to be overcrowded in consideration either of paying a lower rent than they would pay for a room of their own, or of receiving that lower rent, and so finding it easier to answer the demands of their landlord. If the tenants of the most overcrowded court in London could be at once planted in new and roomy houses, their first notion of utilizing the additional cubic space would be to take more lodgers. It does not follow that no good would be done by giving them better dwellings, because habits of decency are in a great degree the creation of custom, and in proportion as their standard of living became higher, they would be less disposed to fall conspicuously below it. Indirectly, therefore, improved accommodation does tend to check overcrowding; but any one who imagines that there is nothing to be done except to build better houses, and that then overcrowding will thereupon cease as a matter of course, will be greatly disappointed. The only means by which anything like an immediate cure can be applied to overcrowding is by the personal influ-

ence of particular landlords. A landlord is not obliged by law to let his houses, and if he chooses to do so, he can undoubtedly impose on his tenants whatever conditions he thinks proper. One such condition may be that the tenant shall not take lodgers. But the action of a few benevolently disposed landlords cannot effect any very extensive reformation, and the paternal character which such landlords are supposed to assume is in itself more and more of an anachronism.

M. BRESSANT.

AN account of the career of M. Bressant, who has only lately retired definitively from the position of Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, has been published by M. Georges d'Heylli; and it is not uninteresting to compare this with the notice of the same actor contained in M. Francisque Sarcey's *Comédiens et Comédiennes*. M. d'Heylli may be congratulated on having avoided the extremely bad taste under the influence of which M. Sarcey, in spite of his boastful assurances that he would have nothing to say about the private life of the players he criticized, has repeated gossiping stories about M. Bressant's family with which the public ought to have no concern whatever. It is unfortunately one of the tendencies of the present time in England as well as in France to pry into the private lives of well-known people; but it is a tendency which one might expect a writer of reputation to resist. M. Sarcey has obtained a reputation perhaps greater than he deserves as a critic; and he might be content to rely upon his powers of criticism without pandering to the vulgar curiosity of Parisian *gommeux*. Whatever a man's qualities may be, he cannot escape the influence of the age, was said by M. Clément, in excuse of Colbert's cruelties; and it may be considered an excuse for M. Sarcey that there are plenty of people more interested by mysterious hints about an actor's family history than by honest criticism of his art. Most sensible people will, however, be inclined to think that M. Sarcey degrades his profession and reputation by the persistence with which he mixes up his judgments of actors and actresses with flippant personalities.

M. Bressant began life as a "petit clerc dans une étude d'avoué," and when he decided to abandon this calling for the stage he was too young to enter at the Conservatoire. Like M. Febvre, he learnt his art in a little suburban theatre; but, unlike that clever actor, he never suffered, so far as diction was concerned, from the want of the Conservatoire's training. M. Febvre's great fault is a terrible indistinctness of speech; M. Bressant's delivery of his words was always admirably clear. At the Montmartre Theatre, which was the scene of his first appearance on the stage, M. Bressant, who was then only sixteen or seventeen years old, played successfully such young men's characters as belonged on other stages to Mme. Thénard or Mlle. Déjazet. M. Sarcey notes a current anecdote that, while the actor was engaged at this suburban theatre, he played in an extravaganza got up to display the talents of Mme. Séveste, the manager's wife, the part of a bear, and gained much applause by the natural way in which he walked about. Such anecdotes, says M. Sarcey, assuming a high tone, are of little importance; something of the same kind is sure to be said of every actor, from the highest to the lowest; they are only valuable as provoking a smile when they are related of some player who has afterwards taken the highest rank. It would be well if M. Sarcey had treated all personal anecdotes of players in the same lofty way. No one's feelings or tastes can be outraged by its being published that M. Bressant once did or did not put on a bearskin and dance about in that disguise on the stage of the Montmartre Theatre. But by some other things which M. Sarcey has hinted, if not said, as to other players, it is likely that a good many people might be hurt. To return, however, to M. Bressant. It seems that his leaving the suburban theatre was quite as much a matter of chance as his going there. M. Dartois, the manager of the Variétés, paid a visit to the Montmartre Theatre in order to see and possibly engage an actor named Prosper Gothi, of whom he had heard favourable reports. "C'est Bressant qui, par son aimable figure, attira son attention, et qu'il engagea, séance tenante, pour quelque chose comme cent francs par mois." The young actor found, however, that little occasion for distinction was given to him in his new engagement, and took advantage of an opportunity offered to him of going to London with a company at the head of which was Mlle. Jenny Colon. This actress was struck by M. Bressant's talent, and used her influence when she returned to Paris to get him an engagement at the Variétés, where he appeared on April 13, 1833, as Oscar, in *Les Amours de Paris*. French critics seem to have been as unable to recognize latent power in the case of M. Bressant as English critics were in that of Mrs. Siddons, for the judgment upon him of a writer of much repute was expressed in these terms:—"Le nouveau venu est jeune et mauvais." Upon this M. Sarcey observes, with a tone of superiority which seems to indicate that he at least is safe from such mistakes, that critics even then were liable to error. However, about a year after the young actor's unsuccessful first appearance, fate, aided by Mlle. Jenny Colon, gave him a chance of appearing in a part undertaken in the first instance by M. Vernet—Pippo in the *Prima Donna*. Here his brilliant bearing and diction were for the first time revealed; and besides this, as M. d'Heylli says, his pleasant voice and cultivated method in singing found an occasion for exhibition. M. Bressant's latest biographer speaks of the charm

which he gave to Almaviva's serenade in the *Barbier de Séville* during his first appearances at the Français; and even a few years ago, when the actor's voice had inevitably lost its first sweetness, his excellent method made it delightful to listen to his delivery of this song. According to his biographers, proposals were made to M. Bressant by the Théâtre Français while he was acting at the Variétés; but he declined them because he was about to marry the daughter of the *chef de claque* at the Variétés. Anyhow, he did stay at that theatre until 1837, when he accepted a splendid engagement at St. Petersburg, where he remained till 1846, when the autocratic power which, then at any rate, belonged to Russian nobles was employed, for some unexplained reason, to send the actor out of the country. While he was in St. Petersburg, M. Bressant played parts of almost every description. Of these parts M. d'Heylli has made a careful list; and among them we do not find that of Chatterton, in Alfred de Vigny's play of that name. We mention this circumstance because one of the best stories in the *Mémoires de Laferrrière*, referred to some little time ago in these columns, depended upon the alleged fact that M. Bressant had appeared as Chatterton in St. Petersburg.

When M. Bressant returned to France with the high reputation he had made in Russia, he naturally found no difficulty in getting an engagement in Paris, and he appeared at the Gymnase in 1846 with complete success. At this theatre he played till 1854. Then he was on the point of accepting another yet more profitable engagement in Russia when "le Ministre d'État, M. Achille Fould, eut le bon esprit de lui proposer d'entrer au Théâtre-Français et d'emblée avec le titre de sociétaire." It will be a long time probably before, in England, a statesman interferes to keep a great actor in his native country; and even in Paris this unusual mode of interference excited some disturbance. One of its effects was that M. Brindeau, who very justly foresaw that all his favourite parts would be given over to M. Bressant, sent in his resignation, which was accepted. In taking this step he was perhaps somewhat rash. M. Brindeau could never have attained the grand manner which made it possible for M. Bressant, when it pleased him, to merely walk through a part and yet make it impressive. But in certain parts, such as Carnioli in *Dalila*, and Clavaroche in Musset's *Le Chandelier*, M. Bressant's dignity stood in his way, and he could never succeed in making them so natural as did M. Brindeau. Of M. Bressant's best known parts since he belonged to the Comédie Française we have more than once spoken. His admirable rendering of certain characters in what may be called traditional comedy gains a new grace from the knowledge that when he first appeared in Molière's pieces at the Français, having always before been accustomed to modern pieces, he entirely missed the classical air, and only acquired it by close study at a comparatively late age. It is strange to us to find that neither M. Sarcey nor M. d'Heylli speaks in very high terms of M. Bressant's *Tartufe*; and we can only suppose that in this particular part French tradition demands something less admirably plausible and natural than was conveyed in M. Bressant's rendering. What is perhaps more strange is that nothing should be said of M. Bressant's performance of Don Carlos in *Hernani*, in which, among other things, he accomplished the difficult feat of holding his audience engrossed during a monologue which lasts a quarter of an hour. M. Sarcey's prediction that no successor can ever be found to M. Bressant is perhaps as trustworthy as the predictions of our ancestors that no one could ever equal Quin; while M. Sarcey's sneers at the effect of the actor's last appearances when he was suffering from illness are nothing less than disgusting, and give a strong handle to the people who are anxious to accuse the French nation of innate brutality, and heartless forgetfulness of the claims of well-tried servants. Thus much is certain, that M. Bressant was a great actor, and that it must be difficult, if not impossible, to find any one worthy to fill his place. M. Febvre has played the Admiral in the *Chaine* with success, and M. Delaunay's brilliant powers have been seen to advantage in the parts of Richelieu and Gaston de Presles. But M. Delaunay's natural gifts are different in kind from M. Bressant's. He excels in the tenderness which the retired actor missed; and it must be difficult to him to assume the hardness which sat gracefully on M. Bressant. It may well be long before any other actor appears who has precisely the qualities which made up M. Bressant's great talent.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

UNTIL within the last few years the military resources of England were generally supposed to be limited to the regular troops, and but little regard was paid to the subsidiary forces. Gradually, however, the belief has gained ground that the standing army comprises but a part of the armed strength of the country, and that the militia and Volunteers must occupy a large place in any question that may arise on the defence of our shores. But to obtain a really comprehensive view of the military power of the Empire a further step is necessary, and the efficiency or non-efficiency of the troops of our principal colonies must be considered, if a true measure is to be taken of what should constitute our resources in the event of war. We pride ourselves on our colonial possessions, and look with satisfaction on their increasing prosperity. We regard with pleasure their powers of self-government, and watch the growth of institutions formed on the model of the parent State; but as yet no statesman has really grasped the ques-

tion of colonial defence, or devised any scheme by which the military resources of our possessions beyond the seas might be utilized for the protection of the Empire, should it be involved in a really serious war. We secure certain ports and naval stations, and then, working on the principle that the colonies must look out for themselves, we leave them free from control to manage or mismanage their military affairs.

The recent Report on the military condition of our greatest colony is, however, far from satisfactory, and calls for the careful consideration of all who believe that England extends beyond the four seas, and that her power is not to be measured by her home resources alone. Since the withdrawal of the regular forces from Canada, the numbers and efficiency of the colonial militia have been gradually diminishing. A long array of officers fills the pages of the Army List, but beyond them there is little to represent military power; and after a while the militia of Canada will be solely represented by the showy uniforms and military titles of gentlemen who have no troops to command. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining money—a difficulty due partly to stagnation in trade, partly to the absence of any belief in the necessity for military organization—the number of men annually exercised has steadily diminished, and the periods of training have been shortened until it has become a question whether it is not a waste of money to do more than provide for enrolment, without making any attempt at drill or discipline. During the last year the force exercised numbered only 23,000 men, in place of 29,000 in the previous year, and the period of drill was reduced to twelve days for field batteries of artillery, and eight days for cavalry, garrison artillery, and infantry; whilst the method of training the men in brigade camps has given place to the less efficient drill at battalion and company headquarters. The stores are also in an unsatisfactory condition; there is not a sufficiency of clothing for even the small force enrolled as the active militia, whilst the quality is far from good. There is a supply of Snider rifles for about forty thousand men, but only 150 rounds of ammunition per arm—a very inadequate quantity when it is remembered that Canada is entirely dependent on England for every round required. The field batteries have been armed with the latest pattern gun, but the fortifications are almost destitute of artillery. As yet the comparatively newly-raised forts destined to defend Quebec are unarmed; and, far from any steps having been taken to protect Montreal, there is not a gun along the line of the St. Lawrence, except a few seven-inch guns in Quebec citadel, that could in any way cope with an invader.

It must be confessed that, as matters stand, the future of the military organization of Canada is not a bright one. When the regular troops departed, it was supposed that about forty thousand men would receive such annual training as would at least bring them up to the standard of our English militia, and that these forty thousand would have at their back 600,000 able-bodied men who could take the field in the event of war. There were several training schools at the headquarters of different regiments, and owing to the then recently terminated war in the United States, and the subsequent Fenian raids, a military spirit had been awakened throughout the country. Now, on the other hand, 23,000 men receive but a very inadequate annual training, and the schools for drill instruction are reduced to the two permanently enrolled and well-organized batteries at Quebec and Kingston. The inspecting officers point out in their Report the want of instructors when the regiments are called out, which we can well believe when it is remembered that there exists no permanent staff, regimental or other, below a brigade major. In the Report submitted to the Canadian Parliament, Major-General Selby Smyth states the case with great plainness, putting clearly before the Government the condition of affairs, and pointing out that, if the annual vote is to be kept as low as it was during the past year, a complete change in the organization of the militia would be necessary. A sum of 650,000 dollars, or about 130,000*l.*, is voted annually for the militia. Of this amount 26,000 dollars is set apart for the newly-established Military College, leaving only 624,000 dollars for the maintenance of the active militia, for arms, clothing, and other warlike *matériel*, and for keeping up the small permanently embodied force included in the Schools of Gunnery at Quebec and Kingston.

The Military College formed two years ago, somewhat on the model of West Point, with the object of training a staff of officers for the militia, appears to have commenced successfully. There are eighteen cadets undergoing a course of instruction under the supervision of able officers, whose services are lent, but not paid, by the Home Government. Admirable, however, as the purposes of this institution are, its continued vitality must depend on the possibility of ensuring some sort of military career to the young men who are trained there. There is little use in a Staff College if there are no forces for its officers to organize, and it will be difficult to keep up its military character unless some military appointments are open to a large proportion of its scholars. General Smyth's proposal that a limited number of commissions in the regular army should be offered to successful candidates might indeed add to the popularity of the College, but would scarcely correspond with the object for which it was originally formed. The truth is that the time has come for Canada to consider what sort of force she is ready and willing to maintain, and, having determined upon some general principle, to carry it out systematically, and with all the assistance that England can afford. Owing to the peaceful aspect of affairs in the United States, and to the reduction of its army and militia,

the Canadian Government may possibly consider that the force thought necessary a few years ago may be considerably reduced, and that little attempt need be made to provide for the defence of the long frontier that borders on her formidable neighbour. Still, even granting this hypothesis, it is necessary for internal security and for possible contingencies that a great country should possess some military organization and a few troops ready at hand.

For this purpose General Smyth's suggestion that three model infantry schools, to be established near Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, should be added to the two artillery schools, appears worthy of consideration. At these schools the officers and non-commissioned officers of the militia would receive instruction, whilst a permanently embodied force would be formed of nine officers, twenty-four non-commissioned officers, and two hundred and sixteen privates—certainly a small number, but nevertheless useful as establishing a standard of military efficiency to which the militia should seek to attain. To keep within practicable finance limits the active militia would be reduced to 20,000, and would be confined chiefly to the towns and larger villages, where means of drill are more easily obtained. Thus, whilst the numbers of the militia would be diminished, its efficiency would be augmented; and a careful enrolment of the force on paper would permit its enlargement in the event of war. There is much to commend itself in this scheme, as it provides a system founded on sound principles and capable of expansion; whilst the present plan of endeavouring to keep up the numbers of the force while sacrificing the essential conditions of efficiency leads to waste of money and to a fictitious estimate of resources.

It will perhaps be asked, What has England to do with these internal arrangements of her colonies, beyond the interest that a parent should feel in the well-being of a grown-up child? With regard to the question immediately at issue, it may be enough to point to the necessity of finding a proper garrison for the extensive fortifications constructed at Halifax, the great station of our Atlantic fleet. To man those works thoroughly more than all the militia of Nova Scotia would be required, and the inter-colonial railway which now connects that outlying province with the heart of the Dominion would be used to bring down men and supplies. But surely a broader view of the question than this is worthy of a great country. Canada is almost as near to England at the present time as Ireland was a century ago. Its population is eminently loyal, and is peculiarly fitted to furnish good soldiers, and, in the event of war with any great European Power, would be willing and anxious to send its quota to act with the English army. A good military system in Canada is therefore an object of imperial interest, and with comparatively little expense and trouble the English Government could do much to assist the colonial Executive in its army organization. But, if the object is to be attained, the matter ought not to be regarded as belonging to this or that particular department, nor should the question whether the cost is to be borne by the War Office or the Colonial Office influence the decision. The broad fact should be borne in mind that, in the event of serious trouble, England would have to strain every nerve to meet the requirements that would be made upon her, and the military capabilities of a loyal population numbering nearly four millions should be developed as far as possible in time of peace, in order that they may be utilized if war should break out. The opinion of England is held in high estimation in Canada. Advice offered by her military authorities would be willingly followed, and the criticism that shows appreciation of honest endeavour would be far more readily received than the faint and careless praise which too often conceals contempt. A well-considered scheme for the organization of the Canadian troops, drawn up by the Intelligence Department of our War Office with a due regard to cost, and framed so that it might receive fuller development in time of war, would undoubtedly meet with careful consideration in Canada. Such a scheme should include not only plans for the defence of the colony, but also the means of utilizing its strength for Imperial purposes, or even of finding a place for the voluntary aid which Canada would probably proffer in the event of any considerable expedition beyond our own seas. In fact, the organization of the Canadian army should be almost as closely scanned and as carefully watched as that of our own militia. Distances are gradually disappearing; the ties that unite England with her colonies ought consequently to become closer; and for mutual protection every effort should be made to render them as binding and as efficient as possible.

REVIEWS.

DOYLE'S LECTURES ON POETRY.*

IN closing his second term of office as Professor of Poetry, Sir Francis Doyle fully justifies his appointment by the publication of a selection from his Lectures. He perhaps does himself injustice, or rather he runs the risk of exciting prejudice, by describing the Lectures in his preface as *Epidæictic Orations*. In a certain sense the title is not inaccurate; but Sir Francis Doyle is

* *Lectures on Poetry*. Delivered at Oxford by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., Professor of Poetry in the University. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1877.

entirely exempt from the imputation of artificial display. One of his objects, as he candidly says, was to keep his listeners together till he had done speaking; and it may be doubted whether a youthful audience would be most effectually attracted by an Epideictic Oration. "I accordingly thought it better to avoid all attempts at subtle criticism"; and yet some of Sir F. Doyle's criticism is essentially subtle, although it is popular, occasionally brilliant, and always subjective or personal. He was probably well advised in selecting for academic treatment thoroughly well-worn topics. An oral critic can scarcely afford time to narrate to his disciples the dream of which it is his proper business to furnish the interpretation. Wordsworth and Scott and Shakspeare himself best illustrate theories of poetry because they are familiarly known beforehand. It is of course difficult or impossible to avoid coincidences, which may now and then be unconscious plagiarisms, with writers of earlier disquisitions on the same subjects; but Sir F. Doyle's opinions are so evidently spontaneous and natural that he can dispense with elaborate efforts at perpetual originality. When his admiration is most earnest, enthusiasm is happily blended with a vein of humour, which is an indispensable element of the true poetical faculty. Susceptibility to the influence of poetry or of any other art passes into a weakness when it disturbs or suspends self-possession. The power of thinking of two things at once is at the same time the test of perfect sanity and the basis of humour. Like many other commentators, Sir F. Doyle discusses Shakspeare's practice of interposing comic scenes in the midst of the deepest tragedy. The Fool in *King Lear* and the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* represent, among their other functions, the permanent supremacy of common sense or of practical intellect amidst episodes of tragic passion and of imaginative elevation. Sir F. Doyle acutely remarks the employment by the Greek tragedians of "solemn choric song, impassioned music, and majestic dancing" for the same purpose of relieving the nerves of spectators from a monotonous intensity of pressure. The broad comedy of Shakspeare supplies not only an interval but a contrast, which is at the same time nearly related to the pathetic emotion which it replaces. Unsophisticated playgoers who know nothing of æsthetic refinements learn by experience that tears and laughter prepare the way for one another, so that comedy and tragedy are most impressive in close juxtaposition. For a similar reason the beauty of a poem is most keenly felt by minds which are incapable of being absorbed by any external influence. Like Hamlet's ideal actor, the true critic preserves a certain temperance in the excitement which corresponds to the histrionic whirlwind of passion. The reserve which is imposed by manly self-respect may be relaxed with comparative ease and impunity where the critic deals with a genial and many-sided writer. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Scott, and, in spite of his gloomy affectations, even Byron, always seem capable of recognizing the humorous aspect of things. The unbroken gravity of Wordsworth and the dreamy sentiment of Shelley require a corrective.

Three of the Lectures are devoted to Wordsworth, and principally to the *Prelude* and *Excursion*; yet it is evident that Sir F. Doyle sympathizes but imperfectly with the poet's intellectual autobiography, or with the same character transferred into the person of the Pedlar.

Wordsworth [he says] "grew immortal in his own despite." He grew immortal because the austere efforts through which he was teaching himself to be a poet wearied him at times, and whenever that was the case he deviated into poems (though still from his own point of view little better than a learner and a disciple) scarcely, if at all, to be surpassed. Poems, and perhaps this is one explanation of their supreme excellence, with all the flavour and relish on his palate of stolen waters and bread eaten in secret.

The criticism may perhaps not be the less just because it is not altogether in accordance with Wordsworth's own view of the relation between his longer and shorter poems. In one of his elaborate prefaces he compares the Lyrical Ballads to the chapels and recesses of a Gothic cathedral which has for its central nave the *Prelude* or the *Excursion*. That the accessories were incomparably more beautiful than the principal edifice had not occurred to the contemplative architect; but poets have in all ages failed in their estimates of the comparative value of their own different productions. There is something pathetic in the exhaustion of Wordsworth's genius when, before middle life, he had, as he thought, equipped himself by study and reflection for a great poetical career. Sir F. Doyle is probably justified in attributing the partial barrenness of Wordsworth's maturer years to his self-imposed solitude:—

It is open to us to believe, if we like, that a Wordsworth who had not buried himself among the Cumberland Fells, who had not, as it were, called on the hills to cover him, would have been a different Wordsworth—a Wordsworth more illustrious than even now he is.

It is not a little strange that the Professor of Poetry should have devoted so much time and thought to a great writer whom he evidently appreciates only by conscious effort:—

Whilst I confess my own native preference for poetry with more blood and pulsation in it, I yet feel for Wordsworth much of the admiration and reverence which is his due; that is indeed owing to him as a sacred debt by those of my generation. Nor am I prepared to say, if any one condemns this preference of mine as somewhat illiberal and shallow, that he is altogether wrong.

Sir F. Doyle passes with pleasure from a discriminating study of Wordsworth to a hearty expression of sympathy with the Homeric element which redeems the many poetical defects of Scott. The greatest among the English writers of his time would have attained but inferior rank as a poet but for his knightly ballads and the battle-pieces in his longer poems. The mounting of Claver-

house, and the battle of Flodden in *Marmion*, are superior in their kind to any other warlike poetry in the English language:—"The Arab horse in Job went often, I daresay, languidly enough in his slow paces; but the breath of the approaching battle never failed to clothe his neck with thunder; so it is at all times with Scott." Readers of Sir F. Doyle's own poems will not be surprised at his sympathy with martial enthusiasm. His "Private of the Buffs" and his "Red Thread of Honour" derive their inspiration from the same source which Scott found in the history and legends of his native country. The facility and transparency of Scott's ordinary poetical style may be set against his want of concentration and force. The power of imagining and representing living characters, in which among English writers he is second, though after a long interval, to Shakspeare, can scarcely be traced in his poems. His chieftains and warriors have no qualities but the conventional attributes of strength and courage, though Roderick Dhu is somewhat more interesting than FitzJames, and Marmion than the virtuous Wilton. The more modern figure of Dundee, when he purposes to go wherever he may be guided by the spirit of Montrose, is less conventional; but the Claverhouse of the ballad is most vividly remembered because he is also the stern and graceful hero of *Old Mortality*. Until he began to work in prose Scott had not discovered any part of his true vocation except his gift of relating a battle:—

This was not because Scott imitated Homer, because he was influenced by the reading of Homer, because he hoped to rival Homer; but simply because they both echoed the feelings of, and derived their inspiration from two states of society, widely separated indeed by time, but not otherwise unlike. Mediæval Scotland (the observation is not mine), with its septs and clans, looking up as they did in unquenchable loyalty to their hereditary chieftains (sons of Zeus, as it were, in their eyes, like the primitive sovereigns of Hellas), had much in common with the armed confederation that gathered itself together in front of Troy.

The most thoughtful and instructive of the lectures are devoted to the inexhaustible subject of Shakspeare. The criticism of *Hamlet* has unfortunately been lost; but Sir F. Doyle has accomplished the difficult task of discussing with freshness and novelty *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and the *Tempest*. He remarks with equal justice and originality that, if the *Tempest* is inferior in power to the great tragedies, it is, if possible, more wonderful and more characteristic of the poet. "If we were called upon to publish those plays of Shakspeare which no one else could have written, in the order of their impossibility, I for one should head with the *Tempest* the title-page of that golden book." None of the human personages of the play are among the most real and significant of Shakspeare's dramatic creations. Miranda herself is distinguished rather by her singular experience, or want of experience, than by her personality; Ferdinand is a mere hero of a romance; and Prospero, as a stately magician, stands apart from ordinary sympathies. Sebastian and Antonio are vulgar villains, and the humour of the comic characters is not of the profounder kind; yet the play appeals with unequalled success to the imagination, and it remains the pleasantest and most real of supernatural fictions. Sir F. Doyle calls attention to the wall of separation which exists between Miranda and the elementary spirits who obey Prospero. "Ariel comes and goes, expostulates and submits, with Miranda apparently quite unconscious of his presence; and, what is stranger, he apparently quite unconscious of hers." A studious analysis of the character of Caliban leads Sir F. Doyle into an ingenious apology for his superficial defects. The poor monster has been deprived of his birthright by Prospero, and he has even been punished for an error which may to him have seemed venial. "Caliban, in point of moral sense, is a child, with the child's indignation against anything which looks like injustice; he has moreover, whatever his bad qualities may be, a spirit of loyal affection which redeems everything. From this, and from the fact that his mind has been shaped by nature, by nature streaming in upon him at every pore, it results that, though brutal, he is never vulgar." The generous rehabilitation of Caliban is more successful than the same process as it has been applied to many historical characters. Shakspeare himself was perhaps not entirely exempt from the injustice which writers of fiction are prone to perpetrate at the expense of their less favourite characters. Scott failed to appreciate the moral and intellectual superiority of Major Dalgetty to lay figures like Menteith, and to melodramatic heroes of the order of Allan M'Aulay. Perhaps Shakspeare was hardly aware of the virtues and capabilities with which he had endowed the unfortunate Caliban. "Let us hope that, if Prospero did not choose to train him up through his power of loving and hating, he was at least set free to enjoy his hereditary kingdom without any dread of being pinched to death by the magician's vassal spirits after the magician himself had left him alone."

Sir F. Doyle's criticisms on *Othello* and *Macbeth* are still more elaborate and more eloquent, nor has so much matter often been contained in an Epideictic Oration. He thinks that "*Macbeth* soars into a higher region of the imagination, and dives lower down into the deep places of the human soul, than any other human composition, except perhaps the Book of Job." Orthodox criticism will still maintain the superiority of *Hamlet*, which, according to the same critic, "is richer in thought, in meditative feeling, in the union of high poetry with high philosophy, than *Othello* or any other drama in existence." It may be added that the destiny of Hamlet supplies a deeper and more complex tragedy than the crimes and punishment of Macbeth. It is difficult to understand why the simple contrasts which make up the history of Job should be compared with the great masterpieces of

dramatic art. Criticism on criticism is necessarily confined to tame assent, to gratuitous controversy, or at best to the exposition of minute distinctions. It is more to the purpose to recommend Sir F. Doyle's Lectures to students of literature than to show that his comments are generally sound, or to inquire whether they are occasionally questionable.

MACCOLL ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.*

MR. MACCOLL has written a book on the Eastern Question which he has done his best to make exhaustive. He has delivered his soul, and has cursed from the bottom of his heart the Turks and all who love the Turks or defend or even tolerate them. His first great object is to show that the government of Turks over Christians is in its nature unutterably, incurably, hopelessly bad. The horrors of which we have lately heard so much are not, in the eyes of Mr. MacColl, accidental or transitory evils. They are evils which have been incessant so long as the dominion of Turks over Christian races has lasted, and will be incessant so long as this dominion continues. The writer has come to the conclusion that for the Christians in Turkey there is not, and never has been, and never can be, any security for life, or property, or the honour of women, or the freedom of religion. To give the governing Turk any more time to see whether he will not perhaps govern better is, in the judgment of Mr. MacColl, like giving a hardened drunkard more time, with a free run of the public-houses, to see whether he will not leave off drinking. Mr. MacColl has therefore no hesitation in pronouncing that, as a ruler of alien races in Europe, not of course as a private dweller in the land, the Turk ought to be swept away at once. There is no half-heartedness in the book, and Mr. MacColl does not shrink from facing the consequences of his conclusion. He is all for coercion; swift, sharp, unhesitating coercion, to be applied if possible by England and Russia jointly, but, if that is not possible, by Russia only. As he is aware that this part of his work may be received with some distrust and prejudice, he sets himself to prove that Russia is in herself a good and beneficent Power, that as to India she has no designs, and cannot have any, unless she is utterly mad, and that she does not wish, and never has wished, for Constantinople. Lastly, Mr. MacColl reviews the policy towards Turkey which in recent years has found favour with English statesmen, showing that the differences of opinion have been considerable, and that since the beginning of the Crimean war, Lord Aberdeen, the Prince Consort, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Russell, and Lord Salisbury have leaned towards the side of the Christians, and Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield towards the side of the Turks, while Lord Derby has hesitated, and is hesitating, and will be likely long to hesitate, between the two views.

The main thesis of Mr. MacColl is that Turks must be bad, not so much because they are Turks, as because they are Mahomedans. All Mahomedans, Mr. MacColl says in the plainest and most earnest terms, must be wicked so far as they follow their wicked religion, and unhappily for the most part Mahomedans believe in their religion and carry out its precepts. Mahomet was a cruel, dissolute impostor, and as the followers of all religions try to imitate the character of their founder, the more closely Mahomedans imitate Mahomet the worse they are. When there is a superior Power like that of the English in India to restrain them, Mahomedans are capable of having their innate vices repressed into a state of latency; and when a State consists only of Mahomedans, they cultivate their more odious iniquities quietly among themselves, and do not persecute, outrage, and kill one another in any very flagrant way. But when they have subject Christians to deal with, then the full badness of their black hearts is revealed. That they ever were better in one place than in another is, Mr. MacColl thinks, a mere vulgar error, and in a rapid and trenchant manner he dispels the delusion which has tempted historians to ascribe some virtues to the Spanish Moors. It is totally impossible, he thinks, that Mahomedans should at any time or in any place govern Christians in a decent way. For Christians under a Mahomedan Government there can be no security of property, for the peculiarities of Mahomedan law permit the State to take away the property of individuals whenever it pleases. There can be no security for life, as the Mahomedans alone carry arms, and kill the unarmed Christians whenever the fancy takes them. There can be no security for female honour, as a good Mahomedan is always on the alert to imitate in this respect the example of the founder of his faith; and there can be no toleration of religion, for although Mahomedans may regard with contemptuous patience the quarrels of Christians among each other, this proceeds only from the sporting instinct which prompts men to receive pleasure from the combats of lower animals; and whenever Christianity comes into collision with the dominant faith, it is treated as a faith fit only for dogs. Thus Mr. MacColl overcomes the difficulty which Burke thought so formidable, and frames his indictment against a whole nation, or rather against an eighth part of the human race; and as he is not only a pleader, but a judge, he passes on with rapid steps to his conclusion, and has no hesitation in pronouncing the whole Mahomedan world guilty.

This plan of treating religions in block, and dealing out condemnations by the gross, carries with it its own difficulties, and

perhaps suggests more doubts than it satisfies. The inquiry whether a religion is answerable for all the consequences that have flowed from it—whether, for example, Christianity is responsible for the Inquisition—is a very complicated one. But there is a simpler thought, as to which few readers of Mr. MacColl's book can fail to wonder that it did not strike him. How does it happen that so many Englishmen have lived among the Turks, and have conceived a certain liking for them and admiration of them? Mr. MacColl is continually declaiming against all persons who love or defend Mahomedans or have a word to say in their behalf. And it must be acknowledged that he invents as he goes on various theories to account for their mistakes. When he finds Sir George Campbell praising the tolerance of the Mahomedans, he accounts for this by the supposition that Sir George Campbell, although an excellent Indian administrator, never knew anything at all about the Mahomedans in India. The perversity of Consul Holmes is ascribed to his having lived so long among the Turks that he has become blind to their faults; and people like Sir Henry Elliot are disposed of by saying that they have learnt to think of nothing but supposed British interests, and have thus got into a state of mind in which they see the Turk transfigured and radiant as an angel. Over Dr. Badger Mr. MacColl obtains a personal triumph, which he relishes with extreme zest; for, whereas Dr. Badger has lately been speaking well of the Turks, Mr. MacColl has dug up a former work in which Dr. Badger spoke of them as badly as even Mr. MacColl could wish. All these very different people are therefore utterly mistaken, and Mr. MacColl, who has scarcely any personal acquaintance with Turkey or the Turks, is altogether right, and they are altogether wrong. If Mr. MacColl were to extend his travels round the shores of the Mediterranean, he would find that the error he laments is very widely spread, and that the delusive opinion that, if the Turk has many faults, he has some virtues, may be pernicious and much to be lamented, but is at least entertained by many observers who have every appearance of being impartial.

Mr. MacColl has attentively considered the important question, What is to be done to put an end to the dreadful state of things in European Turkey? He is all for coercing the Turks. It pains him to have to differ from Lord Salisbury; but he does not hesitate. He has to make his choice, and he makes it. He is "willing to face all the calamities" which Lord Salisbury fears. Like Atlas, he is ready to bear the burden of the world. Anarchy paralysing thirty millions of people was what frightened Lord Salisbury; but it does not seem any very great matter to the more buoyant spirit of Mr. MacColl. At any rate, if we will not coerce Turkey, we can look on contentedly and applaud Russia while she does the work alone. But Englishmen foolishly distrust Russia, and in order to remove this distrust Mr. MacColl makes a stirring appeal to his countrymen, and invites them to realize how stupid and bad they themselves are. Englishmen would, he thinks, learn that they are not really competent to form an opinion about anything if they would but reflect how often they and their leading men have been egregiously wrong. For example, most educated Englishmen for a long time concurred in thinking that capital punishment was necessary to repress the most trifling crimes, and Lord Palmerston thought that commercial intercourse would not make France more friendly to us, and that the Suez Canal would not answer. After errors like these Mr. MacColl considers that he may safely put down the English dread of seeing Russia at Constantinople as a bugbear. The Russians, Mr. MacColl is sure, would never wish to go to Constantinople, and if they did go they would never menace India. In fact, Mr. MacColl has got to a point of enlightenment so far ahead of his countrymen that he is able to see that the very best guarantee we could have that Russia would never threaten India would be that she should be in possession of Constantinople. She would have quite enough to do to hold her own there. On any one who might be inclined to doubt whether the conquests of Russia are altogether for the benefit of the conquered Mr. MacColl is down with the peremptory inquiry, Who are we that we should judge others? A startling paragraph is introduced headed "Atrocities committed by England," and Mr. MacColl proves by reference to the events which followed the battle of Culloden, to the Chinese war, and to certain recent proceedings in the island of Tobago, that we can be as cruel, as unprincipled, and as untrustworthy as any people in the world. Criticisms of this stern kind may perhaps be sometimes useful for us to endure, and it may be salutary that we should be summoned to recognize that we sometimes have shown ourselves neither wiser nor better than other people. But for Mr. MacColl's purpose the train of reasoning on which he insists is almost too discouraging, and his readers may be reduced to the state of despondency in which they will ask how, if they are so foolish, they can pretend to decide what is best for Bulgaria, and how, if they are so bad, they can venture to sit in judgment even on Turks.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. MacColl's book as a whole, and of the cogency of many of his arguments on large and difficult subjects, it must be owned that incidentally he carries conviction on some points which have specially interested him. He has, for example, little difficulty in showing that too much has been made of the one act of Russian cruelty related on rather questionable authority in Mr. Schuyler's book, and that in fairness Mr. Schuyler's general testimony to such merits as Russian administration possesses ought to be taken into account. It also seems to us that Mr. MacColl has the best of it in the great impalemt controversy to which he naturally attaches much importance. It may be remembered that some months ago Mr. MacColl asserted that he and Dr. Liddon, when travelling on board a steamer

* *The Eastern Question: its Facts and Fallacies.* By Malcolm MacColl, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

saw a man impaled on Turkish territory. To this statement persons in a state of judicial blindness about the Turks replied that such a thing was impossible, as Turks never impaled any one. That Mr. MacColl saw something on a high sharp stick they allowed; but they suggested, first, that it was a bag of beans, and, secondly, that it was an adventurous native who had climbed up on a tall sharp stick to see the steamer go by; so that, in fact, it was not so much Mr. MacColl who was looking at the man on the stick as the man on the stick who was looking at him. Mr. MacColl deals with these suggestions in an effective way, and at least proves that impalement is a more or less common Turkish practice, and asks why, when he says he saw a man impaled at a short distance from his eyes, any one should ignore Turkish habits, and tell him that what he really saw was a bag of beans, or an amateur spectator who chose one of the most uncomfortable of imaginable positions to look at a couple of honest Englishmen? Further, it may be safely said that in one way—and that a way very precious to Mr. MacColl—the book produces an impression from which it is impossible to escape. With great earnestness, with abundance of telling details, and with much force and fervour, Mr. MacColl brings home to his readers the enormous evils of the actual rule of Turkey over its Christian subjects, and the slender chance there is of these evils being remedied. What he says on this head is perhaps not so effective as the short statement to the same purpose made by Lord Salisbury in February. But Mr. MacColl goes over the ground with a passionate eagerness and an amplitude of illustration which cannot fail to confirm Englishmen in their decision to do nothing to uphold the present government of Turkey. This is a kind of success which imparts a real merit to Mr. MacColl's book. There is much wild and crude writing in his pages, and in many parts of his work he will startle or amuse his readers much more than he will convince them. But his book will not have been written altogether in vain; and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his part to quicken the national conscience and awaken the sense of duty in his countrymen.

LONG'S EPICTETUS.*

MR. LONG has done a great service to English readers by adding to his admirable translation of the *Commentaries* of M. Aurelius Antoninus a new version of the *Discourses of Epictetus*. The old translation by Mrs. Carter was helpful enough, and we are not sure that her style has not sometimes a freedom which is absent in that of Mr. Long. But, apart from the greater accuracy of Mr. Long, and the satisfaction which every one has in reading a really close and truthful copy of a classic, the new translation does not provoke us with Mrs. Carter's meddlesome notes. The lady was too much influenced by the advice which her friend Mrs. Chaponne imparted to her in a pleasing ode:—

Nor thou, Eliza, who, from early Youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue trained,
Hast sought the fountain of eternal Truth
And each fair spring of Knowledge drained;
Nor thou, with fond Chimeras fain,
With Stoic pride, and fancied Scorn
Of human feelings, human Pain,
My feeble Soul sustain,
Far nobler precepts should thy Page adorn.

Thus addressed, Eliza demolished in foot-notes the "fond Chimeras" of the author she was translating, and taunted him with his inferiority to the inspired writers. The unfortunate result was a constant and most unphilosophical sense of irritation in the readers of Eliza's masterpiece. Mr. Long tells us that he began with the intention of revising Mrs. Carter's work, but could not satisfy himself, and so made a fresh version. The following passage, as set against Mr. Matthew Arnold's rendering of the same paragraph from the *Encheiridion*, will show the reader the qualities of Mr. Long's translation:—

Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not: If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for this is the handle which cannot be borne; but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne.

Mr. Arnold has:—

Every matter has two handles, one of which will bear taking hold of, the other not. If thy brother sin against thee, lay not hold of the matter by this, that he sins against thee; for by this handle the matter will not bear taking hold of. But rather lay hold of it by this, that he is thy brother, thy born mate, and thou wilt take hold of it by what will bear handling.

It is not hard to see which version reads the more easily, which impresses the mind more readily. Mr. Long's rendering of *αὐτῇ γὰρ ἡ λαβὴ ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ οὐ φορητή* is closer to the rather clumsy Greek than is Mr. Arnold's paraphrase, which keeps the meaning while it improves the expression of Epictetus, or of the person who wrote down his words. To leave this part of the subject, it is enough to say that, while Mr. Long's translation is close and sound, and while he refrains from insisting on his own view of the most doubtful passages, he certainly does not lend Epictetus the persuasive beauty of style which the Stoic lacked. His version,

* *The Discourses of Epictetus, with the Encheiridion and Fragments.* Translated, with Notes, a Life of Epictetus, and a View of his Philosophy. By George Long. London: Bell & Sons. 1877.

however, is always English, and may always be read with ease by the English student. And now we may come to Epictetus and his doctrine.

There is something striking in the fact that the two chief moral philosophers and students of life were, one an emperor, the other a slave, in an age when no man was really free except the emperor. The slave of Epaphroditus, the lame Stoic who was driven from Rome by Domitian, and who taught Arrian in Nicopolis, had nothing more at heart than the recovery of human freedom. His lectures, as they have reached us, reveal a condition of the world in which the two great questions for the philosopher were how to endure and how to be free. Men came to the teacher saying, in effect, "Wherewithal shall we be liberated?" The answer of Epictetus, which takes a hundred forms, resolves itself at last into this—"The Republic is within you." The shadow of tyranny covered the world; life, honour, and breath were at the mercy of a master maddened by the exercise of unlimited power. Every one had to ask himself, How should I meet death? in what temper accept exile? how bear the loss of all my property? at what price sell my sense of honour? The answer of Epictetus was that all these things, to the philosopher, are indifferent. No one should even speculate about saving life and property and bodily freedom; "for he who has once brought himself to deliberate about such matters, and to calculate the value of external things, comes very near to those who have forgotten their own character." Again, he says:—

What then should a man have in readiness in such circumstances? What else than this? What is mine, and what is not mine; and what is permitted to me, and what is not permitted to me. I must die. Must I then die lamenting? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile? Does any man then hinder me from going with smiles and cheerfulness and contentment? Tell me the secret which you possess. I will not, for this is in my power. But I will put you in chains. Man, what are you talking about? Me in chains? You may fetter my leg, but my will not even Zeus himself can overpower. I will throw you into prison. My poor body, you mean. I will cut your head off. When then have I told you that my head alone cannot be cut off? These are the things which philosophers should meditate on, which they should write daily, in which they should exercise themselves.

This obstinate independence he carried into the smallest matters. Thus it was part of his theory that nature was the rule of life; beads are natural, therefore philosophers should wear them. "We ought to preserve the signs which God has given." If the tyrant says "Come then, Epictetus, shave yourself, I answer, if I am a philosopher, I will not shave myself. But I will take off your head. If that will do you any good, take it off." Suppose it is a question of exile, suppose the Athenian longs to return to Athens, and "cries like a girl, grieving for a little gymnasium, and little porticoes, and young men, and places of amusement." The philosopher rebukes him with words like those of Dante, translated by Mr. Rossetti:—

Still through the body's prison bars
His soul possessed the sun and stars.

"Have you anything greater or better to see than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole earth, the sea? But if indeed you comprehend Him who administers the Whole, and carry Him about in yourself, do you still desire small stones (the marbles, now 'Elgin') and a beautiful rock (the Acropolis)?"

This wise indifference is often expressed in the words of Cleanthes:—"Lead me, O Zeus, and thou, Destiny"; or in those attributed to Socrates:—"Dear Crito, if it is the will of the gods that it be so, let it be so." When the disciple comes to ask for the reason why, for the metaphysical or theological doctrine which is to be his "strong rock" in the waves of the world, he hardly gets a satisfactory answer. The theology of Epictetus is not more distinct than that of other members of his school. It is enough for him that the world shows tokens of a designing intelligence. Like Cleanthes, he says, *ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἰστέον*; but he is not at all careful to define the nature or the mode of action of his Father in heaven. He does not sigh for immortality, nor even express, with an obvious desire of immortality like that of Marcus Aurelius, his readiness to acquiesce on this supreme matter in the verdict of that which governs the Whole. He is always ready to go whither he is called. He does not occupy himself with speculation as to what follows this childish sport of life. If we have had enough of it, if the game goes wrong we can say, like children, "We will play no more." "The door is open"; but on what does the door open? "To nothing terrible, but to the place from which you came, to your friends and kinsmen, to the elements." Here he becomes dogmatic. "What there was in you of fire goes to fire; of earth to earth, of air (spirit) to air, of water to water; no Hades, nor Acheron, nor Cocytus, nor Pyriphlegethon; but all is full of Gods and Daemons."

Here two questions suggest themselves to the disciple. First, does Epictetus mean, while constantly averting that the "empirical self," the self which can be bound, exiled, tortured, put to death, is no real self, that any conscious being survives the death of the body? Secondly, does he counsel suicide as the door that opens on freedom? It is not within the province of the philosophy of Epictetus to give a distinct "yes" or "no" to either of these questions. As to the former Epictetus holds—and it makes the motive power in his philosophy—that "we have a kinship to God, and that we are fettered by these bonds, the body"; or, again, that we are "carrying about a god within us." But when the elements of these bonds are scattered to the sources from which they came, Epictetus does not assert that the "self" which is akin to Deity, and which in this life is in bondage, goes back to the heaven which is its

home conscious of its freedom. No idea of future "rewards" of any sort is present to his mind, and just as he is constantly saying that he will cheerfully go to Gyara, if go he must, so he awaits, with little curiosity and with no enthusiasm, the change which death may bring. On the subject of suicide he is hardly more definite. He sometimes bids his hearers say "We will play no more," if the game ceases to be worth the candle; but it is not given to every one to know when that moment has arrived. His disciples should come to him and say:—

"Epictetus, we can no longer endure being bound to this poor body, and feeding it and giving it drink, and rest, and cleaning it, and for the sake of the body complying with the wishes of these and of those. Are not these things indifferent and nothing to us; and is not death no evil? And are we not in a manner kinsmen of God, and did we not come from Him? Allow us to depart to the place from which we came; allow us to be released at last from these bonds by which we are bound and weighed down. Here there are robbers and thieves and courts of justice, and those who are named tyrants, and think that they have some power over us by means of the body and its possessions. Permit us to show them that they have no power over any man." And I on my part would say, "Friends, wait for God: when He shall give the signal and release you from this service, then go to Him; but for the present endure to dwell in this place where He has put you: short indeed is this time of your dwelling here, and easy to bear for those who are so disposed: for what tyrant or what thief, or what courts of justice, are formidable to those who have thus considered as things of no value the body and the possessions of the body? Wait then, do not depart without a reason."

The sum of the philosophy of Epictetus is resignation to bear the will of the ruler of the Whole. This is the wondrous thing, "the great commandment," to understand the will of nature. That will is to be discovered by a close and rational study of "appearances." To him who can withstand the first shock of mere *schein* or semblance of things, the reality will reveal itself, and he will be as fearless and free in his philosophy as the Galileans in their religious enthusiasm. The Galileans are to Epictetus what the Celts were to Aristotle—a people not afraid of earthquakes or of what man could do to them. It is curious to mark the frequent coincidences between his words and those of St. Paul and other writers of the New Testament, and to reflect that he thought of a Christian devotee much as we do of a fakir or a dancing dervish. The great defect of his system, apart from its want of emotion, and of the moral power which emotion gives, is its narrowness. He says "Sorrow not," and gives a hundred reasons against allowing passion any sway. But this brief and empty life would be still more vacant of interest if the passions of men were eradicated, and if poetry, with all its material, were expelled from the world as from the Republic of Plato.

Apart from the value of Epictetus's theory of life and duty, his remains are full of historical sketches of manners. It is amusing to learn that a visit to Olympia was as uncomfortable under Domitian as it is to-day, and that to see the great image of Zeus involved as much trouble as the traveller finds on his way to the German excavations. "Are you not without comfortable means of bathing? Are you not scorched? Are you not wet when it rains?" Here is a domestic sketch:—"But when you have asked for warm water and the slave has not heard, or, if he did hear, has only brought tepid water, or he is not even to be found in the house, then not to be vexed, or burst with passion, is not this acceptable to the Gods?" As to slavery, Epictetus bids masters remember that their servants are "children of Zeus." If the owner replies that he can do what he likes with his own, he is told that it is towards the earth he is looking, "towards the pit, towards these wretched rules of dead men, but towards the Gods he is not looking." With some humour Epictetus reminds a would-be philosopher that, "as soon as you smell Rome you will forget all that you have said, and if admission be allowed even to the Imperial palace, he will gladly thrust himself in, and thank God." Then, as now, there were snobs who would value a man or picture because the prince had spoken well of them:—

Epaphroditus had a shoemaker whom he sold because he was good for nothing. This fellow by some good luck was bought by one of Caesar's men, and became Caesar's shoemaker. You should have seen what respect Epaphroditus paid to him: "How does the good Felician do, I pray?" Then if any of us asked, "What is master (Epaphroditus) doing?" the answer was, "He is consulting about something with Felician." Had he not sold the man as good for nothing? Who then made him wise all at once? This is an instance of valuing something else than the things which depend on the will.

There is a taunt aimed at the lady Platonists of Rome who read the *Republic*, Epictetus says, "because it advises women to be common, for they attend only to the words of Plato, not to his meaning." Cynics are warned that moral lessons are none the better for being preached "from a dunghill." Here is a bit at some Professor Blackie of the period, some admirer of "unkempt" students:—

I indeed would rather that a young man who is making his first movements towards philosophy should come to me with his hair carefully trimmed than with it dirty and rough, for there is seen in him a certain notion (appearance) of beauty and a desire of (attempt at) that which is becoming; and where he supposes it to be, there also he strives that it shall be.

The Discourses of Epictetus have not the unrivalled charm of Marcus Aurelius's converse with his own soul. They are more professional, less spontaneous; the incomparably beautiful personality is absent. Yet Arrian says that "the hearer could not but be affected in the way that Epictetus wished him to be"; so we may assume some power in the man which is scarcely distinguishable in his reported lectures.

JOHN LEXLEY'S TROUBLES.*

HAD we not the author's word for it that this story is written by a man, we should certainly have set it down for the first work of some young lady. We should be curious, however, to know to what University the writer owes his degree. He can scarcely belong to either Oxford or Cambridge; for, ignorant though many Oxford and Cambridge men are, none, we should think, would be found so ignorant as to write such a sentence as the following:—"As fellow of his college, he had at various times filled the several offices of junior dean, bursar, vice-president, and lecturer in divinity, and he had successively been elected junior and senior proctor. As a proctor he had been a failure, but such a failure that he had been elected a second time." Mr. Bardsley is quite correct when he goes on to add that the year of office of this fellow of his college "was truly remarkable. Not a single rustication, and the penalty funds deplorably low. Nevertheless, sundry youths were not ashamed to show to their better friends short missives that had reached their rooms after some gownless expedition on the previous night, wherein lay appeals to certain home associations we need not particularize, but which had made the young delinquent rub his eyes and wonder what had made him so soft this morning." Now this is just the kind of description that would have been given, and just the kind of blunder that would have been made, by some young lady who knows as much of a University as can be picked up at a commemoration, or learnt from other female novelists or from the talk of a young curate at a croquet party. But then Mr. Bardsley is not a young lady, but a man and a Master of Arts. We come at every turn on similar puzzles. The heroine is a governess, and, with the exception of Becky Sharp, who hardly counts, we do not call to mind any author of the male sex who makes a governess his heroine. Among the ladies, ever since the days of *Jane Eyre*, the heroic governess has been found in shoals like the herrings that swarm on our Eastern coast. But all this again is beside the mark; for Mr. Bardsley is not a young lady. That an author often writes nonsense is no proof of his sex one way or the other; but then there is male nonsense and female nonsense, the fine but foolish writing which comes from men, and the fine but foolish writing which comes from women. When Mr. Bardsley writes of "a contemporaneously defunct dog," or of "an intermittent chuckle that emanated from a groom," when he makes one of his characters say "my abnormality was accompanied with a secretive tendency," when he talks of two men in a postchaise "evolving themselves out of the gloom and obscurity of the early morning"—even when he calls a floor in a London house an *étage*—there is nothing specially suggestive of feminine authorship. The writer, indeed, writes foolishly, but not with the sort of foolishness that belongs more to a man than to a woman. But when he tells us how "the splintered scintillations of hot light frisked about the forge," when he calls a road-side inn "a hostelry," when he says that "as people mark clothes, one article after another singly, and with indelible ink, so had they taken each word, look, and gesture, and flattened it out, and set thereon the impress of 'forward,' and then ironed it, so that they might know it again," then we can scarcely refrain from exclaiming, "Surely here we have a writer, young, indeed, and inexperienced, but yet one who with time and practice may hope to rival those great glories of her sex, Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon."

Miss Braddon must indeed look to her laurels. Even she in her best mood, when dealing with the noble heir to some ancestral domain, and with all her powers stretched to the height of her great argument, could scarcely improve upon such a sentence as the following; and yet Mr. Bardsley has no one higher in his story than a country squire to inspire him:—"That window was his. A sense of proprietorship was upon him. Legal entail, like a wild, famished animal, had fastened upon him from behind, and would not be shaken off. The fangs were in his flesh; its hot breath was inflaming his blood. How he loathed that window that was his! And all the house was his! Never!" Miss Braddon may indeed fairly reply that the inventor need never fear the imitator, the master the pupil, nor a woman a man, and that Mr. Bardsley is a man and a Master of Arts. But let her think of the two windows in the church of St. Owen, and how the great painter was so stirred up to jealousy that he stabbed his apprentice. Every one nowadays, if we may trust her school of novelists, stabs or poisons as readily as our grandmothers pickled walnuts or made cowslip wine; and here is another fine passage of the pupil's which might excuse almost any act of vindictive jealousy in the master:—

Now, in his manhood, at times he would awake in the mid-night, and could scarce forbear startling the silence of the night with an awful cry in fear that he was alone, and he had felt out with his hand in the dark, and till it had touched and grasped some living thing—his brother—his brain had curdled, and he had wished to swoon, that consciousness might go. Who can describe that wild fear? What is it? Is it the Invisible that is upon us, or the Inscrutable, or the Infinite? When Geoffrey had asked him, Johnnie had shaken his head. It was not these things, and yet the influence of each was there. He could only say that a sudden terror of *self* had seized him. Did he fear ghosts and apparitions? Again Johnnie would shake his head. He could only say the spirit he feared was his own consciousness; the goblin he dreaded was himself, an entity. The darkness was an accessory—that, and nothing more. He could remember—his memory had often dwelt in fascination upon it—how he had wandered on to the moorland reach above Windle Height—it was broad noon—when all on a sudden the thought came that he was alone, and a great horror had

* *John Lexley's Troubles*. By Charles W. Bardsley, M.A. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1877.

inspired him with wings, and he had fled down, leaping chasms, and clearing walls, till he saw a little child tending some geese on a roadside common; and, gasping for breath, he had sate him down and slowly talked himself into tranquillity again.

One cannot but admire the great art displayed in this passage; how the reader, after being carried up with the hero to the Invisible, the Inscrutable, and the Infinite in capitals, is safely landed on a roadside common amid a flock of geese in small letters.

We have also descriptions of scenery and of weather which, considering that they are not written by a woman, are an excellent imitation of many a woman's style. Time was when the scenery and the weather could be left to take care of themselves; but since the days when the mediæval revival began, and the newspapers took to giving the fullest reports of the atmospheric changes, our novelists—above all, our female novelists—never put down anything that has happened without telling us about the sun glinting, or the air rippling, or the wind wailing. Mr. Bardsley, for instance, in opening his story writes how "a mere ripple of cool air, as it curled the leaves, appeared but to be fanning the golden flame. The hillside, too, behind, had a deep purple hue." We do not in the least understand what he means; but it sounds very pretty, and, for all we know, may have some conventional meaning. Later on he rises into even greater heights of modern feminine poetry, and modern feminine unintelligibility:—"The hedgerows were thick with wildflowers, red, white, and purple-blue, and all steeped in morning dew, as though they had come fresh from a dip-bath in the purling stream below, before they set themselves to their daily duty of looking purity in the face of man." The hedgerows, by the way, in the third volume adapt themselves in a remarkable manner to the requirements of the story. The hero's brother was running away from home and going up to London on the stage-coach. Now, as his running away was in the end to lead both to his own marriage and his brother's, it was to be expected that the coach should "pass through scented hedgerows and sylvan shades." But at his home sad days of course were to be looked for, not only because he had suddenly disappeared, but also because his father was lying on his death-bed. Now sadness and death-beds, unless a young and sainted girl is dying when it is the early spring, always suit best, as every one knows, with the time when "autumn is dying, and with every fitful gust falls leaf upon leaf—some brown and some yellow, some golden, but all to cover him in his grave." A few days before we had had scented hedgerows. But what of that? Old men can no more die near scented hedgerows than on a partridge feather; and, just as countryfolk often pull a dying man off his feather-bed that he may die easily, so a writer is justified in sending to the right-about the scented hedgerows, and bringing in the time when "a chill and mournful dreariness in earth and sky was telling forth to all the world the death of the annual life." Indulgence, however, in such liberties with the seasons is rather a feminine privilege, and Mr. Bardsley, as a man and a Master of Arts, should pay more attention to his almanac.

Still we see no reason why our author should not write a book quite equal to hundreds of others which are read by thousands of people with a good deal of interest. In fact, we are not at all sure that he will not, as it is, have a fair number of readers. Had he only cut down his three volumes to one, he would have made a story which, by those who are fond of stories of this kind, might have been read without skipping a page. As it is, *John Lexley's Troubles* are a vast trouble to the reviewer, and, we should think, to the general reader. We would undertake, if it were worth the while, to cut out three-fourths of the tale, and yet to leave it not only as easy to understand as before, but even far easier. Amidst the tedious descriptions and the dull talk in which the book abounds, the thread of the story is lost, and the reader can scarcely remember what the mysteries are that have to be solved. Why cannot a pair of lovers go to a picnic without our having a full description of the contents of the hamper? Why must the horses be described that drew their waggonette, and the driver who drove the horses that drew their waggonette? Why must more than fifty lines be given to the way in which this ancient driver ate his share of the meal? "Almost all picnics are the same," says Mr. Bardsley. "Whether wet or dry, they are enjoyable; like their fellows, too, they invariably come to an end." Almost all descriptions of the food eaten at picnics, we might in like manner say, are the same. Unfortunately, they are very far from being enjoyable, though, like sermons, they invariably come to an end. Mr. Bardsley is apparently one of those young writers who think that a thing, however uninteresting it may be in itself, becomes interesting by being described. They are provided with descriptions, as Mr. Vincent Crummles was provided with a pump and a pair of tubs, and they feel that all that is needed is a story to bring them in. It is a great pity that in what we take to be his first attempt he should have had no one at his elbow to cut out his fine passages and his minute descriptions. He has succeeded fairly well in two or three of his characters—in his hero, perhaps, best of all—and he shows at times a certain amount of humour. His plot is quite up to the common level, though perhaps that is not saying very much. There is moreover nothing offensive from one end of the book to the other. We do not expect that the author will ever rank high among novelists; but there is no reason why he should not write a really readable story, if he were once to lose the power of writing finely, and were to remember that one volume is generally a great deal better than three.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.*

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN was a conspicuous example of the typical Englishman, or rather Scotchman, who begins life with the traditional three-halfpence, and ends it in prosperity and distinction, the fruit of combined ability and perseverance. Of him it may be truly said that he owed little to fortune and less to mankind, unless it may be that the hardships which he underwent in childhood served to develop his natural pluck and perseverance. Fairbairn's early career is fortunately quite free from obscurity, a full and very interesting account of himself having been given in an autobiographical memoir extending up to his fiftieth year. Born at Kelso in 1789, his early days were passed in poverty and privation, young Fairbairn, with the rest of the family, accompanying his father, a farmer's bailiff, in his wanderings from one part of the country to another in search of work. Owing to these changes of residence the lad's schooling was of an intermittent sort; but the Scotch parish schools in his case maintained their character, and at the age of fourteen young Fairbairn had obtained a far better knowledge of English literature than would have been possible for a boy brought up in England under similar circumstances. His talent for practical mechanics began to manifest itself at an early age, when, in order to relieve himself of the trouble of carrying on his back the infant brother entrusted to his care, he constructed a little wagon in which to draw him about, with no other tools than a knife, a gimblet, and an old saw:—

The success which attended this construction led to others of greater importance, which I continued to practise, and which my father encouraged during the whole time we were in the Highlands. In the formation of boats and ships I became an expert artificer, and was at once a "Jack-of-all-trades," having to build, rig, and sail my own vessels. From ship-building I proceeded to construct wind and water mills, and attained such proficiency that I had sometimes five or six mills in operation at once.

It is not for me to offer an opinion as to the influence these exercises had on my future fortunes; I may leave others to form their own judgment.

In 1803, when Fairbairn was fourteen years old, family difficulties required him to leave school and take a share in supporting his younger brothers and sisters, and he obtained employment for a time at three shillings a week as a labourer on Rennie's bridge at Kelso; but his father, getting the post of steward to a farm belonging to some coal-owners near North Shields, removed there with his family, and William was engaged for a time as a coal-carter, leading a very rough life. "Wages were high and men were scarce; but I doubt much whether periods of extreme prosperity are not on the whole injurious." This is the opinion of an employer of labour who suffered in his time much inconvenience from strikes, and who therefore was not likely to look at the matter from the workman's side; but Fairbairn's testimony shows that, if there is still room for greater refinement, sobriety, and thrift among the colliers, there has at any rate been a great improvement in their manners and morals since the beginning of the century. "Pitched battles, brawling, drinking, and cock-fighting were the rule of the day, . . . and I believe I counted up no less than seventeen battles which I reluctantly had to fight before I was able to attain a position calculated to ensure respect." But the first turning-point in his career now came, when in 1804 he was bound apprentice to a Mr. John Robinson, a millwright, on wages beginning with five shillings a week and increasing to twelve, which he sometimes doubled by doing odd jobs out of hours, helping his parents to meet the increasing expenses of the younger members of the family; his evenings Fairbairn persistently gave to study. He was now set in the road for which his genius was naturally suited; but in his case it may be truly said that genius consisted in the art of taking pains. No sudden discoveries marked his career—if indeed discoveries ever are sudden, which may be doubted; throughout his life his talents were chiefly exhibited in the gradual improvements he effected in the existing state of mechanical workmanship, and in the care with which he sought to arrive at the best methods of construction by patient and accurate experiment. Fairbairn expresses this clearly himself when he says in his autobiography (p. 106):—

It would be presumptuous if . . . I attempted to assume a character for originality in my conceptions to which I may not be entitled; on the contrary, I must candidly admit that whatever improvements I have effected in practical science have originated in some useful hint which I have applied, when ruminating on the subject, for the purpose I wished to attain. Having once seized an idea, I have never lost sight of it till the object in view was accomplished, or abandoned if proved on reflection to be unsound in principle.

The time was indeed very favourable for such a career; for, as Dr. Pole well points out in his introductory chapters, mechanical engineering was then in its infancy, presenting an almost boundless field for improvement, and Fairbairn was prominent among those who have brought the art up to its present development. And it might seem at first sight as if such a career would be impossible in the future. Engineering tools and appliances have been brought to such a pitch of excellence that there appears to be no room for one man to get any sensible advantage over his fellows; profits, it would seem, must be governed, not by talent or invention, but by the available command of capital. But this has been the apparent condition of things at all times. We are never sensible of the want of undiscovered appliances. When people travelled by coach it did

* *The Life of Sir William Fairbairn, Bart., partly Written by Himself. Edited and completed by William Pole, F.R.S. Longmans. 1877.*

not occur to them that they travelled slowly; and to the generation before us the rude waterwheels and simple tools which constituted the stock-in-trade of mechanical science no doubt seemed quite satisfactory and sufficient. And just as certainly may we predict that those who come after us will look back with complacent superiority on what they will regard as the crude appliances of the present day, although we ourselves are unable to foresee in what particular direction the future Watts and Fairbairns will extend their discoveries.

Fairbairn's rise in the world was gradual. It shows that, while busily educating himself and acquiring the aptitude of a good mechanic, he had still a spice of the reckless "hand" in his composition, that he should have started off when a young man to see London with only a few weeks' wages in his pocket, with difficulty escaping starvation there before he got a job; and that, noways discouraged by this episode, he should afterwards have made a tour in the south of England and Ireland, arriving in Dublin with three-halfpence in his pocket. But his great start was made when, at the age of twenty-eight, having settled at Manchester, and soon after his marriage, Fairbairn determined on the bold step of exchanging the position of a journeyman working for hire for that of an independent millwright. He could hardly, indeed, be called a master; for he and the old shopmate who joined him in business had at first no other workmen than themselves, and their workshop consisted of an old shed in which they set up their lathe. Their first order was for an iron conservatory; then came the renewal of some mill-work, cleverly effected without stopping the machinery; this was followed by the erection of a new mill for another employer, and the firm had now established their names as good workmen, ingenious at introducing improvements into machinery. Their reputation soon extended beyond Manchester, and was much increased by the very satisfactory erection of some large waterwheels near Glasgow, and the execution of similar structures in Switzerland. This profitable business continued for many years, till the French and Swiss were able to construct the improved wheels for themselves.

It was in 1830 that Fairbairn first turned his attention to iron-boat building, the idea originating in the desire to save the canal interest, then threatened by the new railways, by constructing canal steamers which should be capable of traversing canals at high speed. The plan proved impracticable, but it first suggested the employment of iron as a material for shipbuilding; and, although the extensive operations in that line which Fairbairn undertook at London proved commercially unprofitable, and indeed were for many years a heavy burden on the prosperous business at Manchester, still the great development which iron shipbuilding has undergone received its original impetus from him. But he may be said to have first achieved a reputation beyond professional circles through his connexion with the tubular bridges for the London and North-Western Railway over the Conway and Menai Straits. Dr. Pole touches delicately and with good taste on the question which agitated the engineering world at that time, as to the degree in which the merit of inventing the tubular wrought-iron girder should be attributed to Robert Stephenson or Fairbairn respectively; but there is no doubt that the attempt set up at the time to make out Fairbairn to be a mere assistant to the former for carrying his idea into execution was quite unjustified by the facts. Fairbairn was shortly afterwards invited to Germany to submit designs to the King of Prussia for a similar form of bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. In his admiration for this novel and ingenious mode of construction he seems to have had no room for æsthetic doubts of its fitness for adoption in all localities, and it was a great disappointment to him that his design was set aside for one which, if not an ornament to the spot, is at least a degree less hideous than a tubular girder would have been.

From this point Fairbairn's rise in prosperity and general estimation was steady and secure. But increase of fortune and reputation caused no diminution of energy or devotion to the branch of practical science which he had made his own. To the last he continued to pursue those experiments on the strength of iron which have done so much to introduce certainty into the mode of using this material; while the extraordinary abundance of published writings which he found time to produce amid all the pressure of engrossing professional avocations is another illustration of the adage that only busy men have leisure. In harness till the last, and in full possession of his faculties, Sir William Fairbairn, who in 1869 had received the appropriate recognition of a baronetcy, surrounded by his family and with troops of friends, honoured and respected by all, ended a singularly prosperous, happy, and useful career in 1874, at the ripe age of eighty-five.

Dr. Pole may be congratulated on the excellent editing, if he prefers to give it that modest title, of this very interesting memoir. We should have liked the personal details to be fuller, and we could have spared the account of Mr. Hopkins's researches into the structure of the earth, Fairbairn's connexion with which was of the slightest; but in all other respects the book is just what such a book should be. It begins with an admirable summary of the progress of engineering science during Fairbairn's life; and a very just estimate of Fairbairn's own position in the scientific world is given in an interesting letter by Professor Unwin of the Cooper's Hill College, for some years his assistant for scientific research.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.*

A FEW years ago Miss Kemble (Mrs. Butler), the daughter of Charles Kemble, and well known as an actress and writer of poetical dramas, received from an old friend with whom she had been in close correspondence during a period of forty years a collection of her own letters, amounting to thousands, and containing a history of her life. She thought that these letters would serve as the basis of an autobiography, and that it would be well to publish some abstract of them, instead of leaving it to others to compose the record of her life. These memorials have for a year and more been coming out in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a very interesting and readable American magazine, not as yet sufficiently known in this country, and will apparently be continued for some time longer. Miss Kemble has, as she says, come to the garrulous time of life, and this is indeed shown in the flow of her too voluminous gossip, which concerns not only herself but a great many other people. On the whole, however, there is a good deal of interesting and amusing matter in the narrative, especially in those parts in which she gives an account of her very singular theatrical life. We may pass over briefly her infancy and early years. Her mother was the daughter of a French officer in one of the armies which Republican France sent to invade Switzerland, and Frances was born in London, November 1809. As a child she was very troublesome and unmanageable, her chief offence being a contempt for all authority, combined with indifference to punishment. During her school-days, which were passed both in France and England, she continued to be rather eccentric and difficult to manage. She seems, however, to have been a bright, sharp—rather perhaps too sharp—girl, and to have acquired a good acquaintance with and taste for literature, chiefly poetry and drama. When still young, about sixteen years of age, she began to be aware of the ominous distresses and disturbances connected with the affairs of the Covent Garden Theatre, of which her father was manager. The proprietors were engaged in a law-suit with each other, and finally one of them threw the whole concern into Chancery, where for years it remained, and "seemed to envelop us," says Miss Kemble, "in an atmosphere of palpitating suspense or stagnant uncertainty, and to enter as an inevitable element into every hope, fear, expectation, resolution, event, or action of our lives." In the autumn of 1829 the theatre was advertised to be sold, and there was a probability that the company would be dispersed. The Kembles had, therefore, reason to be anxious as to the future, and Frances felt that, under such circumstances, she was bound to assist her parents. Her own preference was for being a governess, but her family thought the stage would be more profitable. Her mother inquired whether she thought she ever had any talent in that way, and asked her to learn some part as a test of her capacity. Some passages of *Portia* were chosen, but Mrs. Kemble's comment was, "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. Study *Juliet*." Study, she says, then meant with her, and for long afterwards, merely learning by heart; and when she recited bits of *Juliet* before her father and mother, neither of them said more than "Very well, very nice, my dear." One day, however, her father asked her to try her voice at the theatre. In the gloom and silence of the house she was seized with the spirit of the thing, and, having no audience to distract her, her voice resounded through the place. An old friend, who was a good critic, sat in the obscurity of the private boxes, and strongly advised that she should be brought out at once. And three weeks afterwards she made her first appearance on the stage.

The interval was occupied by rehearsals at the theatre and evening consultations at home as to the colours and forms of costume, hair-dressing, &c., "in all which," she says, "I remained absolutely passive in the hands of others, taking no part and not much interest in the matter." Her mother settled the matter, in spite of protests by Mrs. Jameson, by setting aside all suggestions of innovation, such as the adoption of the real picturesque costume of a young Venetian lady of rank, and determining in favour of the traditional stage costume, which was simply a dress of plain white satin, with short sleeves, low body, and a long train. Along with the question of the costume the selection of a *Romeo* had to be settled. Charles Kemble had been Miss O'Neill's *Romeo* throughout her whole theatrical career; but there were obvious objections to his appearing as his daughter's lover, and another *Romeo* had to be found. At first her brother Henry was thought of. He was in the bloom of youth, and very handsome, and a few years later might have been the very ideal of a *Romeo*. But he looked too young for the part, as indeed he was, being three years his sister's junior. He had, moreover, an insuperable objection to the idea of acting, and an incapacity for assuming the faintest appearance of any sentiment. He learned the words, however; and, with his father, mother, and sister for audience, went through the balcony scene with "the most indescribable mixture of shy terror and nervous convulsions of suppressed giggling." After a time his father threw down the books, and Henry gave vent to his feelings by clapping his elbows against his sides, and bursting into a series of triumphant cock-crows. The choice of a *Romeo* which was actually made was, for other reasons, not satisfactory. The part was given to Mr. Abbot, "an old-established favourite of the public," Miss Kemble says, "a very amiable and worthy man, old enough to have been my father, whose performance, not certainly of the highest order, was never-

* *Old Woman's Gossip*. Frances Anne Kemble. *Atlantic Monthly*. Trübner & Co.

theless not below inoffensive mediocrity." He had a good figure, face, and voice, the carriage and appearance of a well-bred person; but, wanting passion and expression in tragedy, he resorted to vehemence to supply their place, and was exaggerated and violent. Moreover, in moments of powerful emotion he was apt to become unsteady on his legs, and Miss Kemble was always afraid lest in some of his headlong runs and rushes about the stage he should lose his balance and fall; as indeed he once did in the *Grecian Daughter*, in which he enacted her husband, Phocion, and, flying to embrace her after a period of painful and eventful separation, completely overbalanced himself, so that they both came to the ground together." The writer adds:—"The only time I acted Juliet to a Romeo who looked the part was once when Miss Ellen Tree sustained it. The acting of Romeo, or any other man's part by a woman (in spite of Mrs. Siddons's Hamlet) is, in my judgment, contrary to every artistic, and perhaps natural, propriety; but I cannot deny that the stature, 'more than common tall,' and the beautiful face, of which the fine features were too marked in their classical regularity to look feeble or even effeminate, of my fair female lover made her physically an appropriate representative of Romeo. She looked beautiful and not unmanly; she was broad-shouldered as well as tall, and her long limbs had the fine proportions of the huntress Diana." It may be remembered that Miss Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, performed in such parts as Rosalind, Viola in *Twelfth Night*, Imogen, Ion, &c. As Romeo she fenced very well; and the only hitch in the usual business of the part was that Juliet objected to Romeo plucking her body from the bier and rushing with her to the footlights. "If you attempt," she said, "to lift or carry me down the stage I will kick and scream till you set me down," which ended the controversy.

On the whole, Miss Kemble seems to have been fairly successful in her first appearance; but she naturally felt very nervous beforehand. As she sat dressed waiting for the call, or, as she puts it, "ready for execution," she could not repress her tears, so that the rouge had to be more than once renewed. At last the word came, with a brisk tap at the door, and "started her upright." She was led to the side scene opposite to the one from which she saw her mother as Lady Capulet advance on the stage, and the uproar of the reception filled her with terror. Old Mrs. Davenport (the Nurse), Mr. Keeley (Peter), and half the company engaged in the piece, except her father, who had purposely retreated, unable to bear the scene, stood around her as she lay, all but insensible, in her aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble," urged Keeley, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, "never mind 'em; don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages." Nurse was then summoned, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and called in her turn "Juliet," who was pushed forwards by her aunt, and ran straight across the stage. She says:—

I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre, full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and for aught I knew I was Juliet. . . . After this I did not return to myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulations, tears, embraces, and general joyous explosions of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, I went home. And so my life was determined. I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honoured, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion.

The last sentence of this passage sums up the writer's views as to her new position, and there can be no doubt that it was unfortunately chosen. She deserves respect for the unselfish sacrifice of her own tastes and wishes which she made for the sake of her father and mother; but she thereby entered on a false position, which was all the more painful because she was aware that it was so. There was, no doubt, at the moment a pressing reason why she should take this step. Her family were in depressed circumstances, and required help, and this could just then be most effectually afforded by her going on the stage, where, it might be assumed, she would be an attractive adjunct to her father, and would add to the popularity of his name. And to a certain extent it would appear that she was successful in this way; but being an actress was evidently a cruel trial for her, as she had no taste for or sympathy with the art, and was also, in fact, deficient in the natural qualities and training required for it. This is admitted by herself, and though it would seem that, under the influence of sympathetic enthusiasm, she did at times produce an effect, yet her doubts about the profession, and her habit of analysing its characteristics and conditions, were fatal to her rising to eminence in the art, or being otherwise than uneasy and unhappy in following it. The Kemble family had in both sexes all been theatrically inclined, and had been more or less successful on the stage. Frances's mother, too, had been an actress, but Frances somehow lacked the necessary qualities, though brought up amidst the people and the associations of the stage. She had a taste for dramatic literature, and some skill in writing plays; but the vivid emotional power which is required in a really effective actor was wanting. The burden of her lamentations over her successive efforts in different parts is always the same:—"I do not think I ever spent a more miserable day than that on which I acted Mrs. Beverley for the first time." "My father tells me that after Easter I have to play *Lady Macbeth*! It is no use thinking of it, for that only frightens me more." "I have been sobbing my heart out over

Constance all this morning." This is the melancholy refrain:—"My task is sadly distasteful to me; it seems such useless work." In short, she appears to have shared the opinion of another actress, Miss Brunton (afterwards Lady Craven), who used sometimes in a scene to turn to her fellow-actor and say:—"What nonsense all this is; suppose we don't go on with it." Macready, she mentions, told her she did not know the elements of her profession; and she herself admits that she was "totally inexperienced in all the minor technical processes most necessary for the due execution of any dramatic conception." One constant source of difficulty was the overshadowing fame of Mrs. Siddons. Although slighter and smaller in figure and less dignified than her great aunt, Miss Kemble bore a sufficient resemblance to her to suggest a remembrance which was necessarily very much to her own disadvantage. Her sincere friend, Mr. Harness, told her that "seeing her act was exactly like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the diminishing end of an opera-glass"; and there can be no doubt that in such a case it was a great mistake that she should have been put forward in parts which recalled the powerful acting of her famous relative, and brought into notice her own comparative insignificance. And in another way, too, Mrs. Siddons seems to have been like a cloud over her, for she says that a deep impression was made upon her by "the rapid vacuity of my aunt's life," and "her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which she had passed her life; and that "such was my dread of the effect of my profession upon me that I added an earnest petition to my daily prayers that I might be defended from the evil influence I feared it might exercise upon me." The only point on which Miss Kemble seems to have been satisfied with herself in her professional capacity was in her dressing, on which her memory dwells with evident pleasure.

Miss Kemble's gossip also includes numerous anecdotes of eminent actors and other persons. We have an amusing glimpse of Liston at the beginning of his career, when he used to recite Collins's "Ode to the Passions," attired in a pea-green coat, buckskins, top-boots and powder, with a scroll in his hand, and also essayed his tragic powers in Hamlet. He seems to have had a taste for fun of rather a mischievous kind, such as trying to excite the risibility of the actresses by presenting some ludicrous object to them just as they had to go on the stage with a serious aspect. Thus he presented an Ophelia with a basket of carrots, onions, and pot-herbs instead of the conventional flowers and straw; and, having painted the face of Mrs. Stephen Kemble's daughter Fanny like a clown, confronted her with her mother just as the latter was making up a grave face to act with in a mournful part. There was also a very nervous actress whom he would frighten on the stage by making gestures as if there were something wrong with her dress, as to the set of which she was very particular. Once he infused a little drollery into the funeral scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, which used to be most elaborately dismal, and often, Miss Kemble says, made people ill, by giving the chorister boys bits of brown paper to wipe their eyes with. We are also shown Sheridan, on the first night of *Pizarro* at Drury Lane, hard at work writing the finish of the play, while Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble had to learn the scraps sent to them as the piece went on; and also the dismal scene on Saturdays, when the unfortunate workpeople and underlings of the theatre used to make pathetic appeals to Sheridan for an instalment of wages, and he would say cheerfully as he passed to the treasury, "Oh yes, certainly, my good people," and then go off by a back way with the whole receipts in his pocket. There is a pleasant picture of Mrs. Inchbald, who is described as "a person of very remarkable character, lovely, poor, with unusual mental powers, and of irreproachable conduct." Her life was devoted to the care of a dependent relative disabled by sickness. She was "singularly upright and unworldly, and had a childlike directness and simplicity of manners, which, combined with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most peculiar and comical charm." She was not an actress of special merit, but still of respectable capacity; and although she stuttered habitually in private talk, she spoke fluently on the stage. There are also sketches of social and political celebrities, such as James Smith of the *Rejected Addresses*, Horace Twiss, Basil Montague, Hook, Weber, Malibran, Lord Melbourne, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lawrence the painter, and many others.

ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.*

THERE used to be a stock question for debate at Mutual Improvement meetings; it ran somewhat as follows:—Which is worse (or better), a great opportunity without a great man, or a great man without a great opportunity? A question of the same kind might be started as to books. Whether is better a great subject without a great writer, or a great writer without a great subject? There can hardly be a more promising subject than Old London. Writers of all kinds might treat of it. There is history and poetry and philosophy in it. There is physical geography and antiquarian topography and anecdotal biography. There are statistics and art and architecture. Medicine, law, and theology

* *The Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.* By Rev. J. E. Cox, D.D. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1876.

may be included. In fact, we can wish a competent author, whatever may be his own tastes, no more interesting or worthy topic than one which in any way relates to London. Yet it is simply disheartening, as book after book comes out, and as one by one the various aspects and divisions of the subject are touched, to find so seldom anything but servile imitation of old authority, tradition and legend taken as fact, false inferences from true premisses, and conclusions drawn against the weight of evidence. A history of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, might be learned, amusing, and didactic all at the same time. It might begin with some account of the ground occupied by the nunnery; why does the churchyard slope so steeply from the street? Where did the old wall pass? What Roman remains have been found on the site? Such questions might be discussed as preliminary to the history. Next might come an account of the Priory; who were the founders? when was it founded? what were the names of the prioresses? what mention is there of them in contemporary history? To this might be appended, in a foot-note or otherwise, the original documents relating to the foundation, and perhaps a "terrier" of the lands and houses belonging to the nuns. Chapters on the Suppression, on the eminent men who were connected with the parish, such as Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, Shakespeare, Richard III., and Sir Julius Cæsar; on the recent changes, on the boundaries of the parish, on the condition of the church, the monuments, and the records, with extracts—all these might follow in order, and the result would be a book which would satisfy any reader. An appendix might be made to contain the originals of documents noticed in the text, and the registers and churchwardens' accounts in full, if it were desired. A parochial history of this kind is always welcome. It is never dry reading, even to people who care little for antiquarian details. And the history of an important London parish deserves some such treatment. There is so much of association, so much of what may be called the poetry of history, in it, that we can hardly realize the state of a man's mind who sits down deliberately to compile a volume like this before us. It has been long expected at the hands of Dr. Cox, and our disappointment is the greater. The very first words dissipate any hopes we may have formed. After all that has been done of late years to put historical topography on a scientific footing, it is depressing to read as follows at the head of Chapter I.:—"Tradition reports that St. Helena, the patron saint of this Church, was born at Colchester A.D. 242, and was the daughter of Coel II., Prince of Britain and King of that district." After this one feels inclined to close the book in despair; and a further examination shows that Dr. Cox has determined to write the rest of his work according to this beginning. After the story of Helena comes a long quotation from Richard of Westminster to show that she was born in London, and a short one from Stow to show that she built the walls of London and Colchester. Next there is a paragraph which from its importance must be given as it stands:—"The original church of St. Helen in London was dedicated to the Empress Helena, and is said to have been erected to her memory by her son Constantine." A foot-note cites the unimpeachable authority for this remarkable assertion—that of the *European Magazine*.

The early parochial history of London deserves better treatment. There is no saying what important results might not be achieved by its adequate investigation. How did this parish come into existence? Was the church of English foundation? Was there any manor, any soke, any great estate in the parish? Who were Ranulph and Robert, who gave the church to the Canons of St. Paul's? and when was the agreement made which Dr. Cox prints in full both in English and Latin? The names of the witnesses, twenty-one in number, would surely have made it possible to find a date. But, in truth, we must be satisfied for the present with what Dr. Cox is good enough to give us. The history of St. Helen's has yet to be written; but Dr. Cox's collections, so far as they go, may be found of use to the future writer. Dr. Cox is quite unable to make any deductions from the documents he quotes. He belongs to the same order of antiquaries as Mr. Hugo, to whom he constantly refers, and we can only hope, for the sake of the coming historian, that his excerpts and citations are correctly made. At the same time it must not be supposed that they are all of equal value. For example, the chapter on the monuments begins with two pages extracted from Chauncey's *Historical Antiquities of Herts*, on sepulchral usages in general, from which we obtain the interesting information that "monuments are denominated *a muniendo*," that epitaphs were invented by Linus the Theban poet, and that they "serve for four uses or ends"—namely, to prove pedigrees, to show when "the party deceased," to set an example "to follow the good and eschew the evil," and, lastly, to put the living in mind of their mortality. After thus spending two pages, Dr. Cox goes on to say, "It would occupy far too much space to enumerate the numerous monuments which exist within the walls of St. Helen's." This astounding announcement will probably mark the place at which most readers will leave off. Fortunately, however, Dr. Cox consents to mitigate the rule so far as concerns "those most specially worthy of notice," and we have a meagre and unsatisfactory account of the chief feature of what Dean Stanley once happily termed the "Westminster Abbey of the City." The monuments removed from St. Martin's Outwich are only named in an appendix, and then very slightly, although they have so greatly added to the attractions of the church. Of the monuments described, one or two will hardly be considered to have been worth a

description. There is a cut of the tablet of William Bond, *Flos mercatorum*, but the quaint Latin epitaph is omitted, while the long inscription to William Finch, which is by no means so interesting, is printed at full length both in Latin and English. The famous deed in white marble upon black by which Sir Julius Adelmare, otherwise Cæsar, binds himself when called on to pay the debt of nature, is given in an English translation, but the Latin may be made out from a good woodcut:—

Omibus Xpi fidelibus ad quos hoc presens scriptum pervenerit: sciatis, me Julium Adelmare alias Cæsarem militem utriusq. juris doctorem Elizabethæ Reginæ supream curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem et unum e magistris libellorum: Jacobo Regiæ privatis consiliis, cancellarium Scaccarii et sacrorum senioriorum Magistrum hac presens carta mea confirmasse, me adiuvante divino numine Naturæ debitum libenter soluturum quam primum Deo placuerit.

This singular document is dated 27 Feb. 1634, and below is a line "Irrotulatur Cælo," and a second date, that of the Judge's death, 18 April, 1636.

The chapter on the "Worthies" connected with St. Helen's is scarcely better, though the details are a little less meagre. Dr. Cox seems to prefer biographical compilation, and gives some interesting particulars of the lives of Crosby, Holles, Judde, Cæsar, and others, for the most part made up of extracts, but perhaps none the worse on that account. The specimens of Dr. Cox's own style which he offers us are not such as to cause a reader any reluctance in turning aside to the writings of other authors. But the extracts are not always happily chosen. At the end of an account of Richard Williams *alias* Cromwell, we are treated to a paragraph from that very recondite writer Stow, inserted to enable us to judge for ourselves of "the energetic action taken by Thomas Cromwell in the progress of the Reformation." One would think the great Earl of Essex was almost unknown to fame; and that Dr. Cox, by his careful study of Stow, had found out something new about him. After all, the paragraph only records that a Bible was in his time placed in every parish church, and that parochial registers were then begun to be kept. Clearly Dr. Cox has never read Mr. Green's *Short History*, nor heard of the "English Terror."

But it is tiresome, as well as vexatious, to wade any further through this dull book. It has one merit—a good index—and the cuts, if not very numerous, are fairly engraved, and well selected. That St. Helen's should have fallen twice running into such very incompetent hands as those of Mr. Hugo and Dr. Cox is nothing less than a public misfortune. The subject was a worthy one, and perhaps we may yet see it worthily treated. A more charming oasis in the desert of the City than is afforded by Great St. Helen's can scarcely be imagined. Once within the gateway, and the turmoil raging outside may be forgotten. There is green grass, at least a little. There are a few green trees. On the right is the terribly restored back of Crosby Hall. Round the square are "Queen Anne" houses of the utmost quaintness of which red brick is capable. An open doorway admits through a panelled and marble paved hall the hot rays of the sun from a neighbouring court. The western door of the church, designed by Inigo Jones, and surmounted internally with a profusion of carving, reminds the visitor that "This is none other than the howse of God." The side porch is still more curiously Jacobean, and the church is full of monuments and tablets, Gothic and classical, a plain stone tomb in the Nuns' aisle bearing, each Sunday morning, the dole of fresh loaves on a linen cloth which some unknown benefactor left to the poor of the parish in the centuries long gone by. Once within you may fancy yourself in a country church, so entirely does every arrangement differ from that of an ordinary City church. In the first place, there is a congregation. Whatever may be Dr. Cox's shortcomings as an author, there is no doubt that he succeeds, not only in filling his church, but in keeping it full, and giving every member of the congregation something of a personal interest in the maintenance of the ancient fabric. A little too much has perhaps been done in the way of "restoration." Some of the monuments have been needlessly moved about. The stained glass is startlingly modern. But, on the whole, we are not disposed to find fault. The Ionic pillars of Jones's work have not been taken away, nor has the oak carving been replaced with stained deal as in so many other churches. The lover of heraldry will find much to interest him; but we wish Dr. Cox had told us to whom the arms on the "Nuns' Grate" are to be attributed. He tells us (p. 42) that they are "no longer discernible"; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, they were very plainly visible not many years ago, and drawings of them probably exist. But Dr. Cox's heraldry is not what it ought to be, and perhaps he is right to give us as few examples as he can. One deserves notice. We read (at p. 43) of a piece of beautiful carving which had been used to sustain the Lord Mayor's sword and mace when he came to St. Helen's in state; and the arms blazoned on it were as follows (we quote verbatim):—"Ar. a cross, Raguly. Gu. and a dexter canton. Ermine—the arms of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor, 1665." This charming heraldic description reminds us of the shield of the Baron of Barbazure in Thackeray's *Prize Novels*:—"The three mullets on a gules wavy reversed, surmounted by the sinopie couchant Or; the well-known cognizance of the house, blazed in gorgeous heraldry on a hundred banners, surmounting as many towers."

THE HERITAGE OF LANGDALE.*

MRS. ALEXANDER has broken fresh ground in her new book, and has laid the scene in the time when pretty gentlemen wore powdered wigs and laced coats, carried swords and used them on small provocation, swore strange oaths, drank deep and played high, broke the Ten Commandments with as little compunction as they boxed the watch or kissed the chambermaid, and made life difficult for the staid and perilous for every one. Consequently her book deals with false personations, abductions, enforced marriages, and personal tyrannies impossible in our present society, but natural enough in times when the Strand was nearly as dangerous as Hounslow or Bagshot Heath, and these were in a worse condition for travellers than Sicily is at the present moment. A hundred and sixty years ago strange things were done in England; and in the remoter districts where there were few neighbours to watch, and none powerful enough to prevent, the iniquity of those in high places, all manner of foul crimes were committed, with no one to help the poor victims, or to carry the history of their wrongs to those by whom they might be redressed. The incident, then, with which *The Heritage of Langdale* opens was possible in those bygone days, if it smacks of improbability, even with all the appliances of desperate sea-rovers and faithful adherents ready to cut a throat or a purse at the word of command, and afraid of nothing so much as of the monotony of virtue. As it is, however, the peg on which the whole of the story hangs, and as Mrs. Alexander has written a lively, good-tempered, rattling novel, we must shut our eyes to the length of the bow first drawn, and try to believe in the marriage as she has presented it.

This marriage is presented thus. Maud Langley, the rightful heiress of Langdale, is the ward of her half-uncle John. The family estates have been forfeited for the political misdeeds of Maud's father, he having been on the losing Jacobite side; but there is a pardon floating somewhere about the world, of the existence of which John is aware, and which, when found, will place Maud in possession of the whole rich heritage. As it is, she appears to be a penniless dependent on her uncle's bounty, this uncle being "half-brother on the left hand" of her late father, and a scheming, surly, sullen villain, who had never forgiven his brother for having been born after the marriage of their parents, while he had lost the rights of primogeniture by coming into the world before. He therefore thinks to make matters square by marrying his niece to his son; knowing that the pardon will some day be brought to light, and that thus the estates will come at last into the elder, if the illegitimate, branch. Maud, partly cajoled, and partly bullied, at last agrees to the marriage, which is to take place at Langdale Priory; whither the uncle, who has been appointed by the Government agent and administrator of the estates, has brought her—the wild loneliness of the place favouring any deed of violence that he might desire or devise. But while Maud and the parson, the uncle and the waiting-maid, are ready for their various parts at the Priory, the bridegroom elect is the hero of a rather unpleasant adventure. He is at the little village inn down in the valley, whither he had been drawn by a letter purporting to come from some fair intrigante who desired to see him; but when he finds that no *bona roba* is to the fore, he hastens to return home, and then learns that his horse has broken away and none other is to be had. After sundry imprecations accompanied by various smart blows with his whip, he sets out to walk, when he is surrounded by a gang of men who blindfold him, strip him of his fine blue and silver coat, yet do not otherwise maltreat him, but only keep him in close custody for a certain time. When he is released he hurries off to the Priory to find that Maud has been already married to a strange man personating him, and not detected as an impostor even by his father. Only Maud discovers the cheat after the binding words have been spoken; and she keeps the secret, even though she swoons, fearing lest the stranger, whose eyes "were like her father's," should be assassinated, as in all probability he would have been. As she dislikes her cousin Harold, though she had been weak enough to consent to marry him, she is not sorry for the obstacle that has now been placed between them; and, girl-like, nourishes a faint unspoken feeling of romance for the man who has rescued her from what would have been lifelong misery, and whose manner was more than kind, as his action was even more than chivalrous. In this delineation of the girl's unexpressed and only half-formed feeling the author has shown the same light hand and subtle delicacy that she showed in her character of Maggie in the *Wooing Ot*. She has caught the vague, shadowy, dreamy hope, mingled with fear and doubt and wonder as to what and who this strange husband of hers might prove himself to be, which would be the state of mind into which a girl would be thrown by such an event, yet which few writers would have presented with Mrs. Alexander's accuracy of touch, and skilful steering between mawkish sentimentality and unnatural coldness. She carries the same skill into the description of Maud's feelings when she has discovered who her husband really is, and when what would otherwise have been her natural admiration for him has been checked by the warnings and muttered whisperings of his iniquities with which her aunt for her own purposes has plied her. His eagerness, too, and rather fiery manner of wooing frighten her when she is taken by him to his lodgings, after he has rescued

her from her cousin Harold's first attempt at abduction; but the dawning of a warmer feeling is very prettily indicated, and is quite in keeping with the whole character of the tender-hearted, pure, and maidenly heroine. Mrs. Alexander is happy in her heroines. She has the knack of presenting reasonable women full of womanly feeling, but free from passion, and as devoid of coarseness as of prudery.

Lady Helmsford is not so successful a presentation as Maud Langley. We will give her portrait in the author's own words:—

The Countess of Helmsford sat at her toilette one foggy evening about the beginning of the year.

The Countess was a great lady—a beauty still—a wit—a politician—an institution of London life in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The dinners and card-parties of Lady Helmsford were heavens of fashion into which the outsiders strove for admission with far more of purpose and untiring application than they did to make their "calling and election sure." The Countess was nobly born, nobly wed, and early widowed. Tory by birth and early association—Whig by choice—through a certain cold clearness of intellect, which generally guided her right, save when passion blinded her with the gold dust of delusion.

She was a large voluptuously-formed woman, with a pale olive complexion, and dusky shading of the upper lip quite un-English.

A stately commanding woman, formed by Nature for a great lady. And now she sat before her toilette-table gazing intently on her mirror, while with her own fair discriminating hand she fixed the quaintly-cut patches contained in a box held by an obsequious waiting-woman on the plump and delicately-rouged cheeks, which, one after the other, she turned to the light of the wax-tapers in the girandole.

"There, Beville, I need add no more. In truth, it is sad waste of labour and of time. There is no one in town worth dressing for, only worn-out old rakes and insipid young ones. Ah, Beville, there is not one, Whig or Tory, to compare with that splendid Spaniard who dazzled us all in Paris last autumn."

Lady Helmsford spoke to her maid with the sort of contemptuous confidence tyrants bestow on slaves they imagine too lowly to judge or to disapprove.

The Spaniard of whom she speaks is a certain Don Juan di (*sic*) Monteiro, the secret of whose real personality we will not tell, and who has been her lover after a fashion. But what was a passing fancy with him was a true passion with her; and, according to the manner of men and women, as his love waned hers grew, till at last she lost all self-respect and reticence in the headlong madness of her despair, and flung at his feet the love which he had not cared to take to his heart. But from Sappho's days downwards what woman ever won a man's heart by openly offering her own? And the Countess of Helmsford is no exception to the rule. He is madly in love with Maud, of whom the reader discovers at once that he is the mysterious husband, and is only solicitous how he can win her love in return without showing his cards prematurely. For the whole story is bound up with the royal pardon, and consequent restoration of the estates, which pardon is to be found somewhere, though no one knows exactly where; and, when found, will release Maud from the guardianship of her half-uncle, and make her marriage with her cousin Harold less and less possible. If, then, Monteiro can win her love, voluntarily and frankly given, his happiness is secure on all sides; but he must not let the Countess know how things stand between him and her niece—now her guest and charge—Maud having run away from John Langley to throw herself on the protection of Lady Helmsford, who is her mother's sister. Monteiro well knows of what her womanly jealousy would be capable were she to discover that, as she says, she has been supplanted by the daughter with Monteiro, as before-time the mother had supplanted her with Lord Langley. And indeed, when she does discover the truth, she acts as it might have been supposed she would, and sends Maud back to John Langley and all the perils included in such guardianship.

The men, too, act according to their natures, and again Maud is abducted by her cousin Harold, to be again rescued by her husband Monteiro, who brings the news of his own pardon and admission into the King's service, as well as of the restoration of his wife to the title and heritage of Langley. But, generous always, he leaves her free to renounce him even at this supreme moment, and would have quitted her for ever had not Maud's natural love for him burst forth. He therefore yields to her prayer to remain, and they are to be remarried on the morrow in a more binding and orthodox manner than before. This is the bare skeleton of the plot, in telling which we are doing the book no harm; for the interest of the story lies more in the working out of the characters than in the mere action of the drama. We are sorry to have to add that the author is at times unpardonably careless, and that she trips where a writer of her power and practice might be least expected to fail. Her grammar is not always faultless, her adjectives are sometimes redundant, she blunders in her use of foreign words, and she is not a good corrector of the press. Moreover, she commits the most astounding anachronisms, as when she makes one of her personages perform a sonata by Beethoven a good half-century before Beethoven was born.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third volume recently published by Count Prokesch* completes the collection of Gentz's correspondence with the Hospodars of Wallachia. Austria, whose politics naturally have the foremost place in these despatches, was eager, before

* *The Heritage of Langdale*. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, Author of "The Wooing Ot," "Which Shall it Be," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

* *Dépêches inédites du Chevalier de Gentz aux Hospodars de Wallachie*. Publiées par M. le Comte Prokesch-Osten. Vol. III. Paris: Plon.

Napoleon's downfall, to preserve an attitude of armed neutrality, equally disliking an alliance with Russia and a nearer intimacy with France. Then came the idea of a coalition against the ambitious projects of the French Emperor, and the firm resolve on the part of the European Powers to restore old frontiers. It is a curious fact, abundantly proved by the work before us, that the allied sovereigns had not entertained at first the idea of dethroning Napoleon; on the contrary, they regarded the restoration of the Bourbons as an evil, and merely wished to conclude peace on the basis of the Congress of Châtillon. With reference to the Eastern question, which was already at that time occupying the attention of European statesmen, Gentz observes that the existence of the Ottoman Empire is essential to the independence of the West, and that it constitutes one of the most formidable checks on the ever-growing ambition of Russia. In 1823 and 1824 the Czar was absolutely opposed to any scheme implying the political freedom of Greece, admitting only for the Greeks a distinct civil administration, but fully determined on retaining an influence of which a system of autonomy would deprive him.

M. de Tréveret has been led in the course of his studies to devote much attention to Italian literature. He has taken the Italy of the sixteenth century as the subject of his lectures at Bordeaux, and now presents us with an elegant little volume* embodying the principal results of his teaching. Living under the constant threat of invasion, and surrounded by three powerful nations which were watching the fittest opportunity to enslave them, the contemporaries of Machiavel had the misfortune of helping on by their dissensions the subjugation of the peninsula, and of postponing that political unity which has only just been realized. The development of this idea gives great interest to M. de Tréveret's sketch of Machiavel, the first and the longest in the volume. The author of *Il Principe* is certainly very little known to French readers; but still the praises bestowed upon him in modern times and the respect paid to his memory have helped to bring him somewhat into notoriety. But who has ever opened the works of Sannazaro, or glanced at Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*? Yet these two men are worth studying, because they give us a vivid and naïve picture of the Renaissance, and enable us to understand a phase of civilization which has often been misrepresented. M. de Tréveret's volume is written in a very agreeable manner, and is completed by an appendix containing, amongst other things, the original of a few of Sannazaro's poems.

French literature boasts of two excellent works on the history of German and Italian philosophy; but it has not yet produced any tolerable sketch of modern French metaphysics. M. Damiron's two volumes are fifty years old, and therefore are out of date; the essays of M. Renouvier and M. Ravaisson do not aim at being anything beyond mere summaries dealing with generalities and avoiding details. M. Ferraz tells us in his preface† that he has entertained the idea of doing for his own country what MM. Wilm and Ferri have done respectively for Germany and for Italy. We hope that he will find time and strength to carry out his plan; in the meanwhile he has published a very interesting volume in which he treats of the schools of thought respectively headed by Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabot, Pierre Leroux, Auguste Comte, and Proudhon. The naturalist group, exaggerated in the writings of Buchner, Moleschott, and Robin, is here identified with Gall and Broussais. M. Ferraz is justified in expressing regret that Frenchmen should have been so thoroughly absorbed by the political, administrative, and military history of the last seventy years as to forget to take notice of the evolution of philosophical theories; and it is high time that this deficiency should be supplied.

M. de Pontmartin's *Nouveaux Samedis*‡ have reached their fourteenth volume, and each instalment as it comes before us reminds us of works with which the public is already familiar. But M. de Pontmartin has the gift of bringing out the true character of the productions with which he deals, and there is always much to learn from his articles. If we are disposed to quarrel with him on the present occasion, it is about his severe article on M. Doudan. Critics may perhaps be justified in wishing that the two thick volumes of M. Doudan's correspondence had been more cautiously edited, and that the pruning scissors had been used with more judgment. But surely, in the midst of the questionable productions with which the French press teems just now, it is something to have to read a few hundred pages of common sense, elegant language, and witty remark. Does not M. de Pontmartin himself, in his article on M. Jules Simon at the Académie Française, deplore that the places formerly occupied by Bossuet, Voltaire, Guizot, Rémusat, &c., should now be filled by men like M. Charles Blanc? One of the best *couseries* in the volume is the last, devoted to Mme. Volnys, who, under the name of Léontine Fay, was the favourite of all Parisian playgoers.

The biography of Alfred de Musset § cannot fail to attract much attention; it is a great deal more than a simple monograph, and the details it gives as to the literary movement in France during the last half-century are extremely curious. M. Gustave Planche, M. Chaudesaigues, M. Buloz, Mlle. Rachel—all the leading stars of the Romantic school occupy their respective places in this interesting

volume. The readers whom the famous biographical novel *Elle et lui* justly scandalized some years ago, and who found M. Alfred de Musset signally avenged in *Lui et elle*, must now complete their information by turning to M. Paul de Musset's biographical sketch.

The "metropolis of the world," as M. P. Imbert calls Paris*, contains secrets which are not of the most attractive nature, and which few persons would care to fathom, if we may judge from the descriptions given in the volume before us. Eugène Sue had already introduced us in his *Mysteries* to the *tapis-francs* of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and had explained to us the composition of that culinary phenomenon a *Harlequin*. We might, however, be justified in supposing that the novelist was drawing on his imagination; but when we see a sober-minded person like M. Imbert ratifying the statements made by M. Sue, we are driven to suppose that such eating-houses as "L'Azart de la Fourchette" really exist. The chapters of this little volume treat of the most various subjects, and although they place before us pictures of a somewhat gloomy description, we have every now and then amusing bits, such as the essay entitled "A Matrimonial Agency," and the narrative of spirit-rapping experiences in the Rue de Charenton.

The anonymous writer to whom we are indebted for *Les femmes et la fin du monde*† has done a good service to French society. The subject with which he deals is not a pleasant one, but it required to be honestly and seriously treated. The morality of a nation depends in a great measure on the condition of its women; and it is equally certain that the moral and intellectual training of ladies in France is anything but what it ought to be. Many years ago, when grave philosophers and religious thinkers protested against the system adopted for the education of Frenchwomen, optimists shrugged their shoulders and laughed at the moroseness of would-be Catos who ignored the refinements of civilized life. The word of caution is now uttered, not by professed moralists, but by observers belonging to what is called fashionable society, who cannot help noticing facts which stare them in the face. What can be the latter end of a community in which girls brought up in the most thorough ignorance of anything like religion and high principle feed upon such literary rotteness as the novels of MM. Belot, Flaubert, and Zola? The picture is a melancholy one, but it deserves to be studied attentively by those who think that England would be all the better for the importation of Parisian manners.

The French occupation of Canada has left traces which still subsist, and after more than a century of English rule the population of what was called *La Nouvelle France* is still closely attached to the mother-country. M. Charles de Bonnechese has explained in an interesting little volume‡ the origin of the French possessions in North America, and, whilst giving the biography of General Montcalm, he shows by what train of circumstances Canada fell into the hands of the English. This chapter of colonial history is still little known, at least in its details, and it is only quite recently that the exploration of the French War Office and Admiralty records, together with the study of the documents collected by Canadian writers, has thrown light upon the public career of Montcalm. M. de Bonnechese has performed his task remarkably well, and the two maps which end the volume add materially to its value.

After having given us the history of France during the reign of Louis XV., M. Jobez now attempts to describe the last days of the *ancien régime*, and to estimate the government of Louis XVI.§ His first volume is taken up by an account of Turgot's administration, and of the reforms which that Minister endeavoured to bring about. One of the principal facts which strike us in the history of that period is the growing estrangement of the nation from the King. The only theory capable of justifying absolute monarchy as it existed in France had been inapplicable since the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and face to face with a system which was rotten to its core stood public opinion daily gaining in strength, loudly calling for reforms, and insisting upon being heard. M. Jobez shows in minute detail what the Court of Versailles was in 1770, describes the contending influences of Marie Antoinette on the one side and of the anti-Austrian party on the other, and dwells upon the egregious blunder which the King committed when he dismissed Maupeou. The work of M. Jobez is written from the liberal point of view, and will be found valuable; but the author has adopted too gossiping a style, and seldom refers to the sources which he has consulted.

M. l'abbé Chevalier has lately published the first part of a work which will be of great service to students of mediæval history.|| The *Répertoire des sources historiques* is to consist of three volumes, representing three distinct works; and the lexicon now in course of publication gives in the briefest possible form the biography of all the persons who have risen to any celebrity during the epoch included between the establishment of the Christian Church and the end of the fifteenth century. Each article comprises two divisions; the former, the biography properly

* *L'Italie au seizième siècle*. 1re série. Machiavel—Castiglione—Sannazaro. Par M. de Tréveret. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Etude sur la philosophie en France du XIXe siècle: le socialisme, le naturalisme et le positivisme*. Par M. Ferraz. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Nouveaux Samedis*. 14e série. Par M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Biographie d'Alfred de Musset*. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Charpentier.

* *A travers Paris inconnu*. Par P. L. Imbert. Paris: Decaux.

† *Les femmes et la fin du monde*. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Montcalm et le Canada Français: essai historique*. Par Charles de Bonnechese. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *La France sous Louis XVI.* 1. Turgot. Par M. A. Jobez. Paris: Didier.

|| *Répertoire des sources historiques du moyen âge*. Par Ulysse Chevalier. Vol. I. Paris: Société Bibliographique.

so called, is limited to a few dates and leading facts; the latter indicates, as completely as possible, the sources of information—special monographs, essays or disquisitions, &c. Thus, by referring to M. Chevalier's dictionary, any person wishing to write a Life of St. Bernard, for instance, will find at a glance a list of all the works published about him, down to M. Patriat's trifling article inserted in the *Bulletin du bouquiniste* for 1870. The volume is admirably printed.

M. Bougot has written an elaborate volume on art-criticism.* He is struck, he tells us in his preface, by the random, haphazard manner in which critics often discharge their task; they seem to have no leading principle to guide them, and in proportion to their incompetence is the arrogance with which they deliver their oracles. How is this state of things to be remedied? In answer to this question, M. Bougot begins by describing the relations existing between criticism on the one side, and æsthetics, technology, and the history of art on the other; he then discusses the share which each of these elements should have in shaping our judgment, and he devotes the second part of his book to a brief sketch of the history of art-criticism in France from its origin, two centuries ago, to the present time. The conclusion he arrives at is that all sound appreciation of a work of art should combine the science of a metaphysician, the taste of an artist, the imagination of a poet, and the technical knowledge of an historian. M. Bougot certainly does not make things too easy to the critics.

The monograph composed by M. B. Hauréau† is a curious chapter, so to say, detached from the history of the Albigeuses, and it throws a good deal of light on the character of the persecution which brought about, as a final result, the destruction of Languedoc civilization. We see the jealousy of two orders of monks breaking out in open hatred, followed by sentences of excommunication. Bernard Délicieux, the unfortunate victim on this occasion, is charged with abetting heresy, whereas he merely constitutes himself the champion of a good man who had edified the south of France by his virtues. Far in advance of his age, he was bold enough to blame his superiors, and the freedom of his opinions procured for him the character of a reckless and daring agitator. Bernard was finally brought to trial, and condemned on the threefold charge of having stirred up the country against the authority of the Inquisition, conspired against the King of France, and procured the death of Pope Benedict XI. by poison. The narrative of this episode in mediæval history illustrates vividly the power of the Romish Church, and especially of that dreaded tribunal which was established to decide on cases of heresy. M. Hauréau has given in an appendix the principal documents bearing on the trial of Bernard Délicieux.

Mrs. Craven has devoted a small volume to one of the *dramatis personæ* of the *Récits d'une sœur*.‡ There cannot but be some interesting, and especially some edifying, pages in the biography of a Sister of Charity, and we have no doubt that the life of Mlle. Narischkin will be popular amongst a certain class of readers. At the same time we suspect that the public in general is becoming rather tired of hearing about the excellent persons of what we may call the Swetchine type; and the charm which pervades Mrs. Craven's earlier work will suffer if an attempt is made to spread it over a number of supplemental biographies.

M. Emile de Girardin has collected, under the title *La question d'argent*§, a number of articles on the most various subjects. Short notices of the Countess d'Agoult and of George Sand appear in close proximity to papers on the Postal Union, the Senate, and the working classes. The volume derives its title from some of the essays in the second part, which treat of the Turkish question, the disarming of Europe, the attitude of Russia, and the state of finances as affected by the present condition of foreign politics. M. Emile de Girardin looks about him, and the result of his survey is extremely sombre. He thinks that we should not be deceived by the apparent prosperity of France. Just now a paper currency is in favour, but at the first rumour of war there must, he says, be a general bankruptcy, and the law of 1870 which authorizes the Bank of France to refuse payments in specie shows that notes may in the course of twenty-four hours become utterly valueless if the political weather-glass should point to storm. Economy is absolutely necessary throughout Europe; there is not a State which is not crushed under the weight of loans and taxes; and the problem to be solved is how to retrench the enormous expenses entailed by the keeping up of standing armies, and to devote all available resources to the development of industry in its many forms—roads, canals, manufactures, commerce, &c. Education also must be encouraged and subsidized, for, as we are happy to learn, the people who now rule by virtue of universal suffrage will not sanction wars of conquest and territorial annexation if they can appreciate the blessings of intellectual culture. It may be admitted that M. Emile de Girardin's new collection of newspaper articles contains some matter that is sound and practical, but he mixes up with it a considerable amount of sensational verbiage.

Works on scientific subjects abound. We may mention first M. Bourdet's educational treatise written from the Positivist point of

* *Essai sur la critique d'art*. Par A. Bougot. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Bernard Délicieux et l'Inquisition Albigeoise*. Par B. Hauréau. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *La sœur Natalie Narischkin*. Par Mme. Augustus Craven. Paris: Didier.

§ *La question d'argent*. Par M. Emile de Girardin. Paris: Plon.

view*, and introduced by a preface from the pen of M. Charles Robin. This volume, which has now reached a second edition, acknowledges indeed the good which has been done in other days by the teaching of Christianity, and condescendingly admits that man is even now a religious animal; but the author maintains, agreeably to the doctrine of Auguste Comte, that collective humanity is the only divine being in the universe, and that a normal system of education must repudiate as obsolete the notions of the supernatural, of providence, and metaphysics in general.

M. Louis Figuier's popular handbook† keeps up its character for accuracy, usefulness, and completeness. Under its several subdivisions of astronomy, meteorology, physics, pure and applied science, &c., it gives a brief sketch of recent discoveries and improvements; the principal meetings of learned Societies are also duly reported, and a biographical chapter supplies short notices of the most distinguished men of science who have died during the course of the year 1876.

The knowledge of the numerous insects which destroy vegetation is of the utmost importance to agriculturists, who need for their guidance a compendious treatise of a practical character, stripped of scientific technicalities, and giving merely the principles and the facts which every one ought to know. This want M. Rendu has supplied in a little volume‡, copiously illustrated, and compiled from the works of the best entomologists, both French and foreign.

We are told that the new book§ of M. Sacher-Masoch has created great irritation in Germany; which is not much to be wondered at. Prussians and Austrians are described by the author of the *Contes galiciens* in somewhat disagreeable colours, and he has made fiction the means of appraising his readers that *ces bons Allemands* have all possible vices. M. Sacher-Masoch is a vigorous writer, full of originality, and his book, independently of its political tendencies, has all the qualities of a good novel.

M. Dufau is already known by an excellent treatise on the education of the blind, published some twenty years ago under the title *Souvenirs et impressions d'une jeune aveugle née*, a work of which the second edition is now before us.¶ Whether it is a novel or the *bonâ fide* memoirs of a blind girl is not quite clear; at any rate the volume is well worth reading, for, in addition to the dramatic element it contains, the author has managed to discuss incidentally a number of questions bearing upon education, ethics, and even metaphysics. He explains with much force how the loss of one of the senses affects the development of the passions, and shows the law of compensation acting in the case of the blind. If these interesting *souvenirs* are not real, they have unquestionably a stamp of reality which must strike every reader.

The memoirs of the gentleman who has adopted "Fervacques" as his *nom de plume* are neither edifying nor amusing¶; his heroines belong to the *demi-monde* of all countries; but the volume is readable, which is more than can be said of M. Emile Zola's novel, *L'assommoir* **, six hundred pages of garbage given as a work of philological and moral pretensions.

* *Principes d'éducation positive*. Par le Dr. Bourdet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *L'année scientifique et industrielle*. Par Louis Figuier. 20^e année (1876). Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les insectes nuisibles à l'agriculture, aux jardins et aux forêts*. Par V. Rendu. Paris and London: L. Hachette and Co.

§ *Les Prussiens d'aujourd'hui*. Par Sacher-Masoch. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Souvenirs et impressions d'une jeune aveugle née*. Publié par P. A. Dufau. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Nouveaux mémoires d'un décafé*. Par Fervacques. Paris: Dentu.

** *L'assommoir*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.

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Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

The CLASSES will meet for the Easter Term on Thursday, April 19. New Pupils are to present themselves for examination, at 10 A.M., on Monday, April 16. Classes for Conversation in Modern Languages, and for Greek, will be formed on the entry of Six Names. Individual Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music. A Preparatory Class has been formed for Girls above Fourteen who are not ready for the examination. Boarders are received by Miss WOOD, at 41 Harley Street, and by Mrs. CARPENTER, opposite the College. Prospectuses may be had on application to the Lady Resident, Miss GROVE.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Principal.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.—HIGHER LECTURES, for LADIES. The following Courses will be given during the Easter Term:

I. Elementary Botany, by R. BENTLEY, Professor of Botany, King's College, London.
II. English Literature under Elizabeth and James, by Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Principal.
III. The Legislation of the last Fifty Years, by HENRY CRAIK, B.A., Professor of Modern History.
IV. Geology and Scenery of the British Islands, by H. G. SEELY, Professor of Geography.
A Syllabus of the Courses will be printed soon after Easter.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Principal.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.
For Girls under Fourteen. The CLASSES will open for the Easter Term on Thursday, April 19. Should the number of applicants exceed that of vacancies, they will be admitted by a competitive examination.
Prospectuses may be had on application to the Lady Resident, Miss GROVE.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Principal.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The JUNIOR TERM begins April 16.

The SENIOR TERM April 23.

Prospectuses, containing Names of Professors, Terms, &c., can be had on application to the LADY-RESIDENT.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—An ELECTION to FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Two of the annual value of £30 each. One of £20, and One of £20, all tenable for Four Years, will be held after the Easter holidays.—Apply to the BURSAR, Radley College, Abingdon.

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight, £40; Four, £20. Election second week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIPS, 1877.—The ELECTION to ELEVEN VACANCIES will take place at Midsummer.—For further information, apply to the BURSAR, Sherborne School, Dorset.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
The SECOND TERM will begin on Monday, May 7.

DOVER COLLEGE.
President.—The Right Hon. Earl GRANVILLE, K.G.

The New Buildings, including a new House for the Head-Master, with separate Bedrooms for Fifty Boys, are now completed.

The Pupils of this College have obtained the highest honours in the Cambridge Local and other Examinations.

A first-class Education on very moderate terms. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or the HONORARY SECRETARY.

The NEXT TERM will commence on April 27.

THE COLLEGE SCHOOL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
Warden.—The Rev. J. D. COLLIS, D.D. Head-Master.—E. FYNES-CLINTON, M.A., with Eight other Resident Masters. 150 BOYS prepared for the Universities, Professions, Military, Naval, Indian, and Civil Service Competitions, and the Public Schools. A Scholarship to Oxford of £40 for Three years, annually in October. Terms, 6s, 7s, and 8s Guineas. Sons of Clergy 10 Guineas less.

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Professor HIRSCH, established twenty-three years, has some VACANCIES for YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Cannstatt is one of the healthiest places in Germany. Mr. HIRSCH's house is recommended by many Clergymen and Gentlemen whose Sons have been there. The diet is quite English.—For Prospectuses apply to Mrs. KITTO, 18 Marlborough Road, N., and to Mrs. Colonel HOGGE, 36 Amplehill Square, N.W.; or to Professor HIRSCH, Cannstatt.

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TWO TUTORS, French and English, receive the SONS of GENTLEMEN to instruct in English, French, Latin, Music, and Drawing. French Lessons also given to Adults. Highest testimonials. Close to South Kensington Railway Station.—Address, U.C., 61 Brompton Square, S.W.

DR. HAYMAN, Rector of Aldingham, Lancashire, ex-Head-Master of Rugby School, has a VACANCY for a PUPIL, after Easter, to prepare for University, Profession, &c.—Address, St. John's College, Oxford.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST (LINE), and COOPER'S HILL.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES, Wang. Cam., who has passed over 300, receives TWELVE PUPILS only for the above. Terms inclusive of Highest Assistance.—Ealing, W.

LINTON HOUSE SCHOOL, Lansdowne Crescent, Notting Hill, W.—Principal, J. HARDIE, M.A. References to Noblemen and Gentlemen, including several of the leading Educationists of the day. A few BOYS received as Boarders. Locality very healthy. Prospectus on application.

PRIVATE EDUCATION IN BRUSSELS.

DR. GROSSMANN, M.A., who has passed many Pupils, has a few VACANCIES for SONS of NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, desirous to be prepared for the Army, Navy, Civil Service, Universities, and Commercial pursuits. French and German always spoken and thoroughly taught. Highest references.—Address, 73 rue des Rentiers, Brussels.

THE Rev. R. H. HART, Vicar of Bentley, Suffolk, and formerly Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, wishes to receive Three or Four LITTLE BOYS to be prepared with his own Son, for a Public School. References: The Very Rev. J. S. HOSKIN, D.D., Dean of Chester; and the Rev. Dr. Abbott, Head-Master of the City of London School.

MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN Monday, April 16, at 14 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

THE MISSES A. and R. LEECH'S SCHOOL (late Belgrave Cottage) for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN Tuesday, April 17, at Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.

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Mrs. RALPH receives a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS (not exceeding ten), combining all the requisites of a comfortable home. The Tuition comprises a sound English Education in all its branches. Accomplishments by Professors of high standing. The next Term commences on May 1.—Grafton House, Upper Lewisham Road.

EDUCATION in GERMANY.—A LADY of POSITION, the Wife of a High Government Official in Prussia, is desirous of receiving into her family a YOUNG LADY to Educate with her only Daughter, age Eight. If necessary two young Ladies could be received, but one only would be preferred.—Address, F. F., care of Mr. G. Street, 30 Cornhill, E.C.

A GOOD COUNTRY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, Half-an-hour by Rail, West, from London. Town Professors. Inclusive terms, 70 to 80 Guineas.—Address, V. F. K., care of H. Stevens, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

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SILVER PRIZE CUPS, GOBLETs, and EWERS of various weights, from 21 oz. to 300 oz., also superb JEWELS, Oriental Pearls, DIAMOND ORNAMENTS, Six Hundred Gold and Silver WATCHES, Clocks, and Chronometers, Gold Chains, Plated Ware, Dressing Cases, &c., for SALE by AUCTION, by Messrs. DEBENHAM, STOKES, and SONS, at their great Mart, King Street, Covent Garden, on Tuesday, April 10, and Two following days. On View. Catalogues post free.—S.B. Similar Property can be included in the Auctions to follow on April 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 27. Terms on application.

TO FINE ART AUCTIONEERS, DEALERS, EXHIBITION MANAGERS, and others.—It is intended to Erect on a Plot of Land in Hart Street, Oxford Street, close to Bloomsbury Square, an important Block of Buildings, in the rear of which will be a LARGE and commodious Art and other Exhibition, a Reading Room, Library and Scientific Societies, and capable of adaptation to suit the requirements of Tenants. Ample good entrance in the rear.—Particulars may be obtained on application to Messrs. H. & J. D. MATTHEWS, Architects, 10 Clock Lane, E.C.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill.
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